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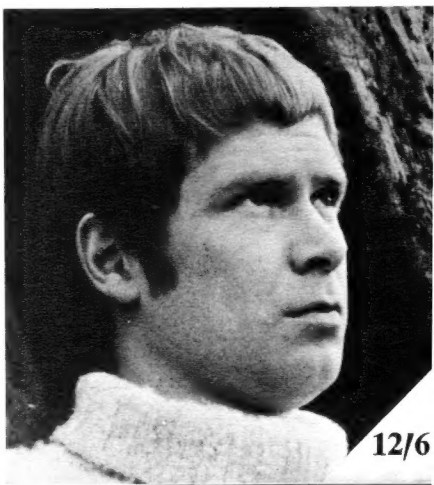

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MY BIG BLUNDER

We all make mistakes at one time or another. Big ones, little ones and sometimes MASSIVE ones. You'll find that other people usually forget about them quite soon, but you *remember them for a long, long time.*

We all worry about putting our foot in it, but somehow we all do it only too often. When did you last really BOOOOOOB?

by Tim Satchell

Long John Baldry told me that there weren't many big blunders in his life, but there are lots and lots of mini-boobs. "The worst one is when I'm playing one-night stands across the country. I never really know where I am, because I get up, am driven a few hundred miles and then I sing and go on to another date. To me, most of the places are just names on a bit of paper."

"When I finish my act I like to thank the audience, if they've been a good one. One night I said:—'I'd like to thank all you kind people of Swanage . . .' and what I said after that was drowned in a burst of laughter, because I was actually in Cardiff at the time! Fortunately they all thought it was a big joke, but I didn't think that it was so funny."

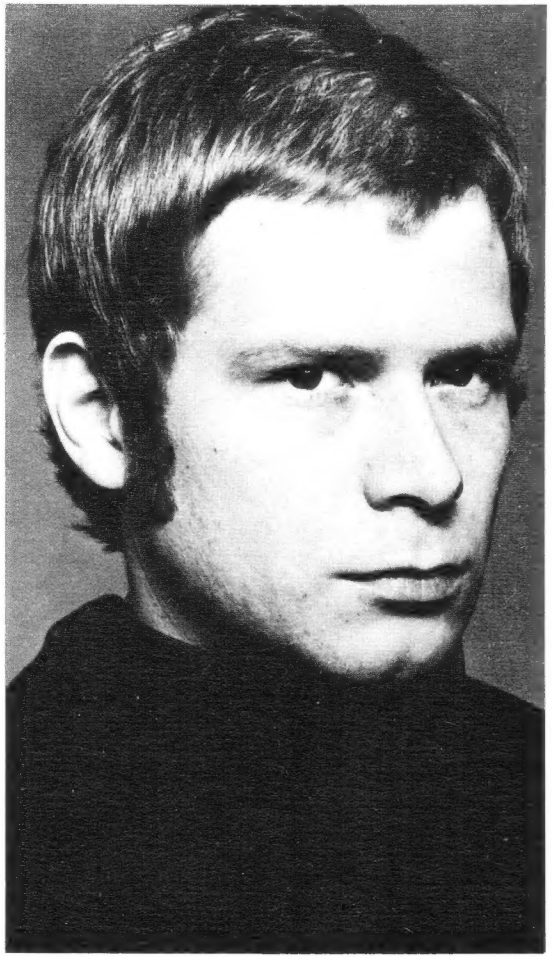
"Whenever I say that now, I always get someone in my backing group to give me the name of the place where I am, on a piece of paper, so that I don't get it wrong again."

When **Elton John** was trying to make a name for himself he was introduced to **Tony Blackburn**, who had a show on *Radio Caroline*. "I went up to him and said:—'Hello. My name's Reg Dwight and I want to be a singer. By the way, I do so enjoy your programme on Radio London.' "

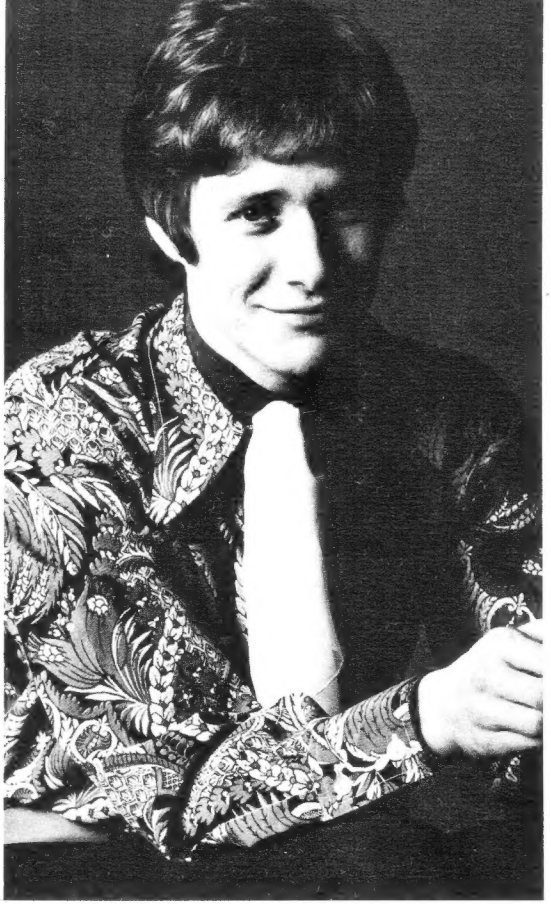
"He just said that he was, in fact, on Radio Caroline. I was so embarrassed that I mumbled something and left as quickly as possible." Was that why he changed his name? He laughed casually:—"I suppose that could be one of the reasons!"

Paul Jones tells the story of how his record company were looking for a new song for him to record. They found one that they thought was good and took it to **Paul** and his recording manager. They listened to it a couple of times and said: "It's quite nice, but the trouble is that it isn't all at all commercial and will never do anything."

And so the search for songs went on and the song that had been turned down was offered to a lot of other people. **Paul** takes up the story: "Eventually they gave the song to a group to record. The funny part of all this is that the group that eventually recorded the song was **Manfred Mann,** which I used to sing with. What was worse, was that the song was 'Mighty Quinn', which shot up to Number One in the hit parade! I was very pleased for **Manfred Mann,** 'cos I think that they're a great group, but I was very annoyed with myself though!"



Long John Baldry: "*I'd like to thank all you kind people of Swanage.*"



Paul Jones: "What was worse, was that the song was "Mighty Quinn."

When **Grapefruit** member **George Alexander** was about twelve years old he was chosen to represent his school in an Art Competition.

He takes up the story: "I went along to the Glasgow Art Gallery where the competition was being held, but I couldn't find all the others who were taking part. I was so scared because of what the teachers would say if I didn't find them!

"Eventually I found a group of people, but they were all adults. Anyway I sat down and started drawing a duck, or something like that. No one seemed to notice me, until some woman almost tripped over me and spilt some water all over my painting, and all the water that the duck was on ran all over the painting. I thought this was the end! But they realised that I shouldn't have been with them and found all the other youngsters.

"I tried to patch up my painting, because there wasn't time to do a new one. The result was awful, I thought. I gave it in and hoped that I'd sink into a hole in the floor. When they gave out the results, I stood right at the back, out of sight.

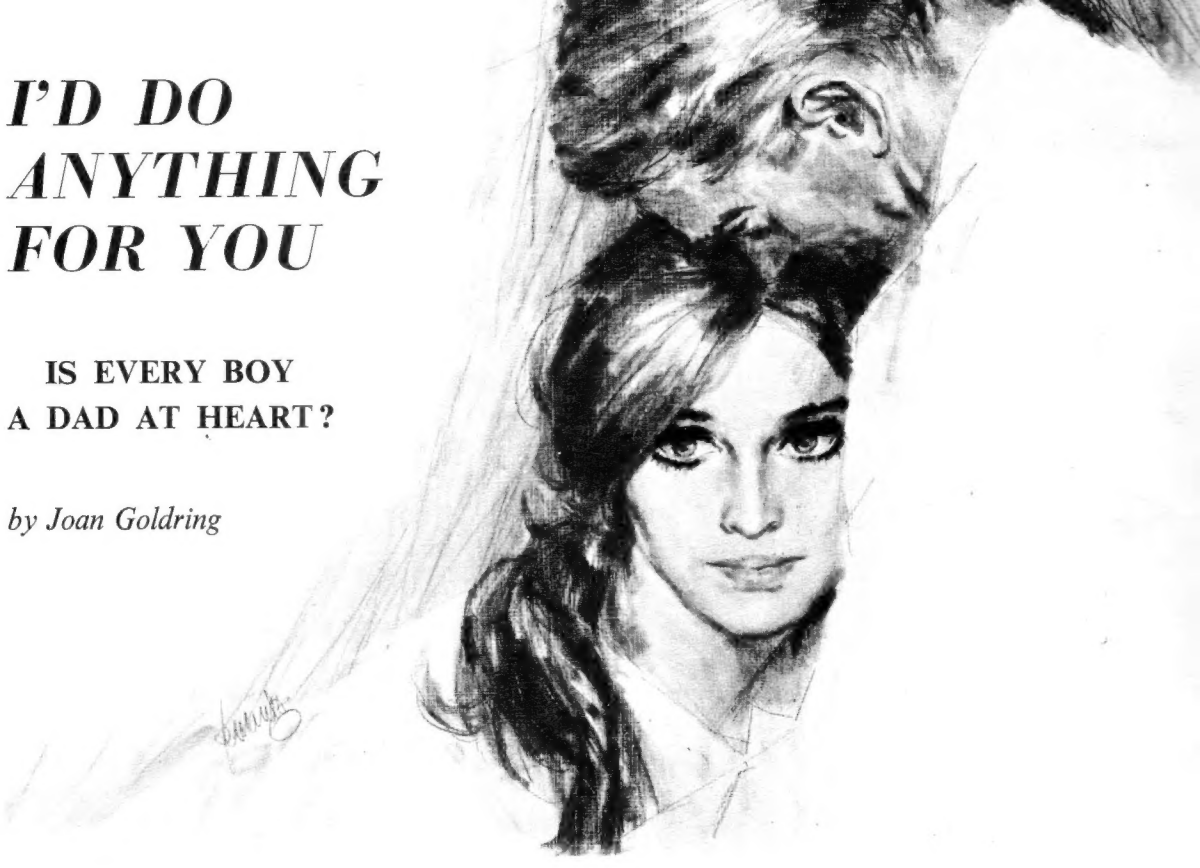
"But then they called out: 'George Alexander—certificate of merit, for his imaginative use of colour and the very clever water effect in his painting.' I was amazed, but very happy. Of course I told everyone that it had taken me a great deal of time and effort to get the effect—I don't think they would have been so impressed if they had known it was all a big blunder!"

George Alexander: "I'd tried to patch up my painting."

I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU

IS EVERY BOY A DAD AT HEART?

by Joan Goldring



EVERYONE at the club knows Philip Ashton. Everyone, that is, but me.

"Philip says this . . . Philip thinks that . . ."

I walk down the passage at Fairlea House. Dull old Judith on her way to cookery class. Cookery? It took me long enough to persuade my dad to let me come to the club at all.

"It's not a den for smoking pot, dad," I told him. "Just a sort of junior evening-classes institute. I could take motor-bike maintenance, boat-building, rock-climbing?"

So I'm taking cookery. How many boys are there in the cookery class? None.

From one doorway comes the jungle beat of a modern dance rhythm. Through another I glimpse a white-clad judo girl toss a burly instructor on to the mat.

That's the art room through that doorway. Two boys are leaning over an oak trestle table staring intently at a drawing. I know the little dark one, Jamie Pierce. He's quite nice. He smiles at me sometimes in the canteen and once he bought me a cup of coffee when I'd forgotten my purse.

"Forget it," he said, when I offered to repay.

That's the extent of my social contact with the opposite sex in the six weeks I've been coming here.

The tall fair boy lifts his head and looks at me as if I'm real. I'm staring too, so we meet each other's eyes and I feel myself blushing all the way down my neck. I try to walk faster but my feet are sort of heavy like in a dream.

I hear Jamie say, sharpish: "Hi, Phil! Where the . . . !" and suddenly there's Philip Ashton right in front of me barring my way. His corn-coloured hair stands on end on top and curls on the polo-collar of his white sweater. Woolly side-burns and ancient jeans complete the impression of a paint-stained, crazy cow-boy. But handsome with it.

I can't move. The club has gone very quiet. Hammering, drum beats, chinking, clattering, babble of voices, thumps, all fade and fade into this splendid hush and I'm standing on an island muffled with mist, alone with Phil.

His hands rest on my shoulders; blue eyes fanatically narrowed. A swathe of singing birds curve out of the mists and the sun breaks through.

Philip leads me under a light and stands back to get the whole picture.

"I've got her, Jamie. This is the one!"

I'm a rather tall girl with a usually pale face and hair fastened back in a pony tail.

I blush easily, my hands and feet are too big and even the cleverest shading won't make my nose retroussé.

No-one ever looked at me like this before.

"See that figure!"

Sometimes a clinging sweater dress, up to the neck and down to the knees, reveals more than it hides.

"Come on!"

A push and I am in the art room and the door is closing.

A hand reaches out and pulls the ribbon off my hair which tumbles, straight and dark, waist length down my back.

"Oh boy—oh boy! Where have you been hiding? Isn't she perfect mate? Isn't she the girl to complete the scene?"

He's almost dancing with artistic enthusiasm.

"What scene?" I say weakly. Knowing that whatever it is he wants I haven't the strength to say "no".

"This!"

I begin to sway my hips to the sound of an imaginary guitar

He whips the top sketch of a pile on the table and holds it up in front of me, prideful and triumphant.

"Oh? Oh!"

"Isn't it fantastic? Won't it wake this old town up? The event just needs this one eye-catching girl—and that will be you."

The sketch is black-and-white, very strong, washed in with water colour. There she stands, hands on hips, as bold as brass, and but for a grass skirt and the odd strategic whorl of paint—absolutely starkers.

"But she isn't—she hasn't—"

I point a shaky finger.

"What?" Phil looks impatient. "Oh, that. You'll get used to it."

"It's really very respectable." says Jamie. "You ride on the front float as a sort of figure head to the whole procession. Then there are all these kids in national costume. You know the club promised to help out with the Save the Children Fund fête day. Philip here is artistic director."

Phil is gazing at his sketch with a rapt and happy expression.

"Not bad," he mutters. "Not bad at all."

While I stand, simply rigid with shock, thinking of my dear old dad. Very particular, my dad. Home at ten-thirty, no mini-skirts, boy friends brought in for Sunday tea. That kind of thing. An anachronism in this day and age? There are plenty like him. The thought of his only daughter riding through the town revealing the lot would bring on an attack of the anti-teenage staggers that would finish my brief social whirl before it had begun.

Jamie says: "All the ministers in the district will be there. It's really quite the thing . . ."

But I don't look at Jamie. I look at Phil. He smooths back his ruffled top-knot and chuckles softly to himself. Can I wipe that blissful smile from his face?

"Isn't there anyone else?"

"Yes, Phil," says Jamie eagerly. "What about Sylvie? I'm sure she expects . . ."

"Sylvie? Pooh! I don't want Sylvie. She doesn't fit into the picture in my head. I want this girl—Judith? You will won't you?"

Naturally I will! How can I refuse with those mad enthusiastic eyes fixed on me? Anyway it's not going to happen tomorrow. There'll be time. To get used to the idea. To sew a grass skirt.

I tell my dad, of course. I tell him I'm going to be on the float, dressed in a national costume "sort of southern, I think."

"Who is running the fête?"

"The minister from the Congregational will be there and the Rev. Barker . . ."

"Hm."

He shakes his head slowly over the football results then looks up at me over his reading glasses with a grin.

"Judith! You'll outshine the lot of them!"

He's all right really, my dad.

Suddenly the world is humming. I'm part of it; in with a gang. There are things to do; places to go.

I chatter away to everyone at coffee-time and even Sylvie is sweet to me from her perch on Phil's knee. Jamie hovers round and Phil gives Sylvie the occasional absent-minded caress while she practically purrs but it's evident that all he cares about is the magnificent procession forever riding through his mind.

I'm spending a lot of time in the art room making props and my cakes are turning out rather super as well.

Dad's got a darts match at the local. Mum's gone to the cinema with a neighbour. So I try on my costume. In the front room. Because that's where the only long mirror in the house is hanging.

The evening sun makes patterns on the carpet as I walk into the parlour with my hair all loose around my shoulders.

And I am changing into another person and changing very fast at that. Could it be that we all lived before in another time? Could it be that a girl who took cookery lessons had been an exciting siren?

Is that me? That liquid-eyed wild-haired native girl? Something I don't know as me takes over my psyche. I flash my eyes; toss my head; wriggle my hips. I grab a scarlet carnation from the glass vase of artificial flowers on the polished oak side-table and stick the bloom behind my ear.

My hands go up to touch finger-tips over my head and I begin to sway my hips to the music of an imaginary guitar. Slowly, slowly; faster, faster! If Phil could see me now! Or is this how he does see me in the many-peopled canyons inside his head? I whirl, I stamp my bare feet; I snatch at tulips, lilac, daffodils and hurl them into the air so that they rain about my head.

"Judith!"

The awful wrath in my father's voice stops me dead. The sitting-room floor is littered with plastic flowers.

My dad's a small man but very broad in the shoulders and his eyebrows bristle. I shrink under his glare until I'm three inches high and fit to crawl under the best beige carpet.

"I thought you were out, dad."

"Came back for my pipe."

He walks around me.

"Is this your costume for the procession?"

"Yes, dad. It's all right really. All the churches—"

He stops walking.

"No daughter of mine is parading through the town in that state of indecency! Get it off! What there is of it! All you youngsters are the same. Give an inch and you take a mile. So long as you're living under my roof and eating my bread-and-butter you'll do things my way."

"I'm sorry, dad. I thought because it was for a good cause—"

He's found his pipe now and is stuffing the bowl with tobacco and his hand is shaking. Blue eyes, cold and rather sad, look at me directly.

"Did you?" he says.

So that is that.

I'm in the art room at Fairlea House waiting to tell Phil. He'll be furious. He cares so much about the tableau; getting everything right, the way he sees it in his head.

To distract my mind I turn over some sketches on the table. Phil's sketches. Here's the design of the first float with the leading lady posing against a property palm tree. Someone has drawn a big question mark in the sky with one of those black felt-tipped pens. I put it sadly to one side,

What's this? A girl in a blue dress, dark hair long and loose, sits on a grassy flower-filled bank and gazes dreamily at soft white clouds sailing by. The face—is it mine?

I'm still wondering when Phil comes into the room. He's wearing the intent look that brings short hard lines between his brows.

"Hallo, Phil."

My voice sounds weak.

"Judith!"

He's looking at me as if I'm a person not just a model for a job.

"I'm glad you're here, Judith. I've something to tell you—"

"But I've something to tell you first; Phil," I hurriedly interrupt. Don't let him have any more plans I must destroy.

"No, let me speak. Judith—I've changed my mind. I don't want you in the procession."

Tears come into my eyes. It's one thing to back out; quite another to be discarded as no good.

"Don't cry, Judith. It's not because I don't want you. Quite the reverse. It's . . . "

There is a strange look in his eyes, a dreamy wondering look and even a slouch like me knows just what it means.

I'm in his arms and he's kissing my lips and those birds are back singing like crazy.

"No girl of mine," says Philip Ashton, art director of the fund-raising festival. "No girl of mine is going to show herself off in front of the whole town looking like that!"

It's a funny thing. He sounds just like my old dad.

END

THE LAST WORD FOR A LINGERING LOVE

A story about the mind changing things of this world

". . . I CAN SEE THE WONDERFUL WEDDING DRESS I WANTED TO BUY THAT DAY WHEN I SAW IT — I KNEW IT WAS MEANT FOR ME. I KNEW YOU WOULD, TOO, WHEN YOU SAW IT. . . ."

"I HAVE TO WRITE THIS LETTER TO YOU, ALAN. I WANT YOU TO KNOW EXACTLY HOW I FEEL ABOUT EVERYTHING. AND THIS IS THE BEST TIME TO DO IT."

"I'LL NEVER FORGET THE WAY WE MET. I THOUGHT YOU WERE A REAL WOLF."
HI. WHEN ARE YOU COMING OUT WITH ME THEN? I'VE BEEN WAITING A WEEK FOR YOU TO APPROACH ME
FLIPPING CHEEK! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL—AND I ADORE YOU. I'M SORRY ABOUT MY APPROACH I DIDN'T MEAN TO OFFEND YOU
OH! OH... NO OFFENCE. YOU WERE A BIT.... QUICK, THAT'S ALL

"EVEN THEN, I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT YOU SOMETHING I DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE. THAT'S WHY I SAID YES WHEN YOU ASKED ME OUT FOR A DATE."
YOU'RE GOING TO THINK ME FAST AGAIN I KNOW. BUT I HAVE TO TELL YOU. I LOVE YOU—VERY MUCH
OH, ALAN
"WE'D BEEN GOING STEADY FOR A MONTH, WHEN WE STARTED PLANNING OUR HOLIDAY. REMEMBER? EVEN THEN —WE WERE BOTH PRETTY SURE."
BUT WHAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENS ALAN? I MEAN, IF WE BREAK UP.....
I'M NOT LETTING YOU GO THAT EASILY—THAT'S WHY I'M GETTING OUR HOLIDAY FIXED UP NOW!
"THAT WAS ONE OF THE THINGS I LIKED SO MUCH ABOUT YOU, ALAN. YOUR WAY WITH WORDS. YOU MADE IT SOUND AS IF THE BREAKING UP WOULD ALL BE ON MY PART. THAT I HAD NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT WITH YOU."
"BUT IT WAS YOUR WAY WITH WORDS THAT CAUSED OUR FIRST BUST-UP ALL OVER THAT GIRL. I DON'T EVEN REMBER HER NAME NOW. CAROL, WASN'T IT?"
YOU NEEDN'T OVERDO THE CHARM, ALAN. SHE WAS POSITIVELY GA-GA AT YOU!
BUT WE WORK TOGETHER —I WAS ONLY MESSING AROUND WHEN I SAID SHE WAS A FANTASTIC CREATURE!
WELL, GO MESS AROUND SOME MORE. SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU!
ALL RIGHT, I WILL! AND YOU KNOW WHOSE FAULT IT IS!
"I NEVER HONESTLY THOUGHT YOU WOULD. BUT YOU DID—AND I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD EVER FORGIVE YOU."
"BUT I FOUND I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU—AND YOU DIDN'T RING. I LEFT IT AS LONG AS I COULD—A WEEK—THEN I RANG. YOU PLAYED IT COOL. REMEMBER?"
WELL, IT WAS YOUR FAULT, VAL. YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO JEALOUS
I'M SORRY ALAN. IT WAS STUPID
"BUT AFTER THAT IT WAS WONDERFUL. YOU WERE WARM AND LOVING AND I LOVED YOU MORE THAN EVER"
WERE YOU REALLY ALAN?
HOW'S MY BEAUTIFUL GIRL THEN? AND DON'T EVER DO ANYTHING SILLY LIKE THAT AGAIN. I WAS ABOUT TO RING YOU JUST WHE
"BUT IT DIDN'T LAST LONG. YOU WERE SO POPULAR—THAT YOU HAD LOADS OF FRIENDS. AND I RESENTED THEM."
NOW, NOW GIRLS. ONE AT A TIME. WHOSE PARTY DO YOU FANCY FIRST, LOVE?
PLEASE YOURSELF. YOU WILL ANYWAY!
"YOU CONTROLLED YOURSELF TILL WE WERE OUTSIDE—THEN YOU LET FLY AT ME. I WAS PRETTY MAD, TOO."
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO START PLAY-ACTING AGAIN ARE YOU? YOU KNOW THEY DON'T MEAN ANYTHING TO ME
WELL, YOU COULD HAVE FOOLED ME!! AND I'M NOT PLAYACTING. I'M DEADLY SERIOUS!
"I SAID I WOULDN'T GO TO ANY PARTY AND YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING WHETHER I WENT OR NOT. SO WE PARTED AGAIN"
I HATE YOU! YOU THOUGHTLESS, BIG-HEADED, STUPID IDIOT!

"NOW COMES A HARD PART, ALAN... BUT AS THIS WILL BE MY LAST LETTER TO YOU, I MAY AS WELL CONFESS: LET'S LEAVE THE SLATE CLEAN"
GOODNESS— IT'S BILL MANN ISN'T IT? COME IN BILL
HI, VAL— I THOUGHT I'D LOOK YOU UP BUT..... ANYTHING WRONG?
NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT MY BOYFRIEND'S GONE TO A PARTY TONIGHT WITHOUT ME
WHAT THE HECK? I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU TO ONE SO IT'S ALL OKAY, ISN'T IT?
"IF BILL HADN'T TURNED UP, ALAN, I'D NEVER HAVE THOUGHT OF ANOTHER BOY TO TAKE YOUR PLACE. BUT HE WAS THERE WHEN I NEEDED SOMEONE"
READY?
READY AS I'LL EVER BE.....
"ONCE AT THE PARTY—WITH THE ATMOSPHERE, AND THE DRINK, I FELT THAT BILL WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD FOR ME"
"BUT ONCE HOME, IT JUST WASN'T THE SAME ALAN, IT WASN'T YOU!"
NO, BILL..... PLEASE DON'T. I..... I'M SORRY
I UNDERSTAND—AND LISTEN IF YOU EVER NEED ME FOR ANYTHING, JUST RING. I'LL BE AROUND
THANK YOU BILL. I'M SORRY. YOU'RE A PRETTY NICE BOY
"THAT WAS HOW IT STARTED, EVERYTIME WE HAD A ROW—AND THAT WAS QUITE OFTEN, WASN'T IT?—I TURNED TO BILL. I DIDN'T STOP TO WONDER WHO YOU WERE TURNING TO....."
"BUT IT COULDN'T GO ON LIKE THAT, COULD IT ALAN? WE HAD TO TALK IT OUT. WHEN WE HAD FUN, LIFE WAS WONDERFUL—BUT THEN EVERYTHING WOULD GO WRONG"
THERE'S ONLY TWO SOLUTIONS VAL EITHER WE GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY, OR WE PART. AND...I DON'T THINK WE'RE READY FOR MARRIAGE DO YOU?
SO THAT LEAVES ONLY THE OTHER ONE. DOESN'T IT?
"SO WE PARTED FOR THE LAST TIME. I MISSED YOU SO MUCH I THOUGHT I WOULD DIE. BUT THERE WAS NO USE GOING BACK TOGETHER IF NOTHING WOULD COME OF IT AGAIN"
"YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW, ALAN, THAT I NEVER SAW BILL AGAIN. ANYWAY, WE'D FOUND OUR SOLUTION HADN'T WE? BUT IT'S A FUNNY THING WITH SOLUTIONS—THEY CAN BE WRONG"
AND I'M WRITING THIS LAST LETTER —BECAUSE I'LL BE SEEING YOU TOMORROW....
MAYBE I WON'T EVEN GIVE IT TO YOU ALAN. I JUST WANTED TO SAY HOW MUCH I DO LOVE YOU
AND HOW HAPPY I WAS THAT WE DECIDED TO TRY THE OTHER SOLUTION. WE HAD BOTH FOUND OUT THAT PARTING WASN'T WHAT WE WANTED. SO SURELY THAT'S THE BIGGEST TEST OF ALL? WELL, HERE WE ARE ALAN—ON OUR WEDDING DAY!

YEAR OF "U"

A LOOK AHEAD DIARY FOR THE YEAR AHEAD

JANUARY

It's the beginning of the year and already you've broken your New Year Resolutions. Like Monday's, the beginning of the week, the beginning of a year is usually blue as well. It's usually cold. It's usually wet. It's usually blustery. And none of these things are wildly encouraging to make you do anything constructive like dieting, for instance, to take off the results of your big eat Christmas. Not to worry. Don't brood. Spend all of this month just thinking about all the things you plan to do next month and during the year. Get up in the morning positively thinking. Go to bed positively thinking. And the month will pass quickly.

FEBRUARY

You're in a better frame of mind. And you're keeping at least one resolution intact, and that is NOT to worry about trivial matters, BUT to live and love every important minute of every important day. Not even a second will be wasted this year!
Do something concrete this month about last month's thoughts. It's early in the year, but send away now for off-beat holiday brochures. Find a new outer self for the new inner-thinking you. Make the first stop at a beauty salon: Have a complete change of make-up. Then perhaps the hairdressers. Ask him to produce a hairstyle to suit a potential life-loving person. Then, since you can't afford any new dresses after that splurge, clear out your wardrobe of all the old shoes and sell them to the rag and bone man. You might just get enough to buy a sweater! Or something.

MARCH

Down (or up, depending where you live) in London it's the Dog lovers' month. They trundle there in droves with dogs of every colour, shape and size to show them off at Olympia, a large exhibition hall. If you're a canine fanatic try to get there, It's well worth seeing. And even if you can't see the dogs for

people, try staring at the latter. They're quite the most interesting collection of humans, these dog owners. One can almost see from the owner what type of dog she or he owns! If you're lucky enough to own a dog, make this *his* month. Cosset him. Throw out his smelly year-old blanket and replace it in his basket with a pretty pink job. If he objects to the colour, dye it another shade. Get in only the best pet food, packed with all the right vitamins. And on his walks don't drag him along if he insists on stopping at every tree and shrub in sight. Just wait patiently.

Remember, that if you really understand a dog you are half way to understanding a man. But if you ever get a man to sit up and beg be sure to to write and let us know. Our boyfriend is a big muscled Alsatian type. Our boss is a yapping Pekinese. But for the minute just think about your dog.

APRIL

After last month's doggy splurge you're skint. And the dog's spoilt! He refuses to eat the soup bones you're forced by circumstances to give him now. He stubbornly refuses to go anywhere near his basket since you had to return his new blanket to the store for some reason so had to replace his old, though clean, one Anyway, if you can . . . try ignoring his tantrums and enjoy yourself 'cause this is the Arian girl's month. Like her the month is bright, balmy, and moody with the sun popping in and out like a yo-yo and flowers shooting out of the ground with Arian zest. Even if you're not choc-full of Arian bounce, plod more quickly through the fields of flowers and just admire them. If you're not blessed with fields, try the traffic islands. They're bound to have flowers there. And then there are window boxes, of course, though I'd advise against walking through them!

MAY

Is the most beautiful month of the year. Everything that is young has established itself in the world and the old take on a youthful shine. Trees are covered in a profusion of flowers and birds exhaust themselves trilling madly. Even the sun's gone crazy and stays out longer than usual. The feeling in the air is something quite indefinable. It is a lovely month to be in love . . . preferably with some devastating boy. But if he's not around, spread your love over the family. They'll be surprised but happy after your earlier moody months!

Keep your temper when your boss makes unreasonable demands. Keep smiling even if you're absolutely burning up with dislike, inside. Keep telling yourself he really is a lovely man and not at all unreasonable and pretty soon you'll believe it and the smile will be a genuine one!

JUNE

Your "loving" bit may be flagging a little. Take up some new interest. Save up towards your holiday, perhaps. Try being a street sweeper . . . at weekends. It's still rather unusual to have girls doing this so may prove interesting. Boys won't be able to resist making comments as they pass by. That may lead to long conversations. That in turn may leads to dates and pretty soon your social life will be hectic. And you're just so many pounds nearer your holiday goal. Ring your local council's office for details.

JULY

Just four weeks away from holiday time. Start planning your wardrobe. Buy, if you can, just one stunning outfit . . . which can be worn any time of day, then renovate last summer's dresses to this year's styles. It's amazing how a dress can be changed with a ribbon here, a wide belt there, a few inches lopped off the hem. Then you can dye a few of course. In fact if you're clever enough you'll be able to fix up an entire wardrobe of holiday gear by making do in this way. But, of course, there's nothing that makes one feel a million pounds, more than just one new outfit!!

AUGUST

Well, it's here. Holiday month. Not far away from anyone's thoughts are sun-drenched beaches in Spain. Bracing walks on the Scottish moors, scaling the Cuillin hills on the Isle of Skye. Hiking from coast to coast across Ireland. Gliding, thousands of miles up above the English countryside. Boating on the Thames. Or just sitting at home toasting, in the back garden or on the roof.

It's hopeless trying to think of other things, so indulge yourself. Dream about holidays and holiday romances between frantic bursts of working. Dream in between soup and the second course at lunch. Dream on the bus home. Dream in your bath. Dream, dream, dream . . . it'll soon be very real.

SEPTEMBER

The glamour of the holiday hasn't worn off yet. Keep it going a little longer. Get out your writing kit and churn off as many letters as possible to all the fabulous boys you met there. Write the longest letter to the one you like best, of course.

At night keep the tan going just a little longer with the help of instant sunshine from a bottle. There are oodles of different brands, each as good as the other of this instant-tan-lotion or oil; you'll simply have to try a few to see which one suits you best.

During the day, of course, say at lunch-time, follow the crowds to the nearest patch of sunshine and soak it up.

OCTOBER

Is usually a let-down month. The holiday is very much something in the dim distant past, except for the occasional letter perhaps. And even those aren't tumbling through the letterbox with great speed any longer.

If you think about it you'll only get depressed. Shift your thoughts to others . . . say, the old men and women who have not been able to afford a holiday at all.

Why not persuade Dad to hire and drive a mini van for a day. Then take them all out into the country . . . Mum can come along as courier pointing out all the sights. And of course everyone could bring along their sandwiches to have a picnic when the coach stopped at a suitable spot. They'd absolutely love that.

If you chance upon a sympathetic hirer you might just get one for nothing! Otherwise, if you chat up all your many friends and relations (specially in your parents age-group) they . . . might . . . just . . . help out with some money. Good luck!

NOVEMBER

Christmas is just around the corner. If you have friends and what-have-you Overseas, don't forget parcels must be sent off round about now if they're to receive them by Christmas.

Probably you'll need money again for all these little extras. Ohhh! if only everything could be paid for in lumps of happiness or something . . . life would be less complicated.

Anyway, money is needed, so why not look around for something that will provide some and at the same time not seem much like work. Like being an usherette at your local cinema at night. Think how many films you'll be able to see that way.

DECEMBER

You've bought all your presents early. You've wrapped them up and hidden them away early. Now you can relax.

Why not give Granny and your younger brother and sister a treat. Get Granny to persuade your parents that a day in London would be a wonderful treat for her. With luck, they'll agree and suggest that they drive you, Granny and your brother and sister down there. If your parents stay all day, treat them as well. Traipse through all the free art galleries and things in the morning then in the afternoon relax in the cosy darkness of as many cartoon theatres as possible. Granny, Dad and Mum might well be great fans of Laurel and Hardy and the rest of them. You needn't ask brother and sister, you know they are fans.

With luck, yet again, Dad might decide to treat everyone to a slap-up meal at the end of the day. Marvellous . . . Nothing could go wrong after that . . . right up to Christmas day! Happy Christmas!!

NEXT QUESTION IS LOVE

Leave a girl alone with her imagination and the freakiest things can happen.

I'D SOLD SWEETS AND CIGARETTES IN THIS BIG HOTEL IN TOWN FOR ABOUT A MONTH. PEOPLE HAD BEGUN TO RECOGNIZE ME AND WERE FRIENDLY

EVEN OLD JOE, THE CARETAKER

NICE MORNING, MISS

YES, LET'S HOPE IT WILL STAY THIS WAY

MORNINGS WERE USUALLY VERY SLACK

ONE PACKET OF THOSE FRENCH CIGARETTES, PLEASE

THAT'S FOUR SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE, SIR

BUT I ENJOYED IT THAT WAY. GAVE ME LOTS OF TIME TO DAYDREAM – A FAVOURITE PASTIME

THINGS USUALLY LIVENED UP ABOUT MIDDAY WHEN THE WIVES AND FAMILIES CAME DOWNSTAIRS

ONE BOX OF CHOCOLATES, PLEASE

AND A PACKET OF CHEWING GUM FOR ME

AND THE ODD PERSON POPPED IN FROM OUTSIDE

AND I DO MEAN 'ODD' SOMETIMES. LOOK AT THIS SHADY CLYDE-TYPE

CHOCOLATES. I'D LIKE ONE BOX

CERTAINLY. WHAT KIND WOULD YOU LIKE, SIR?

ANYTHING, ANYTHING. AND HURRY IT UP, WILL YOU? I'M LATE

ANYTHING! YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR BEING SO RUDE, MISTER. NOW WHERE IS THAT LOT THAT COST AN ABSOLUTE BOMB?

GOODBYE, MARY

I HOPE YOUR GIRLFRIEND LIKES THEM, SIR

HE DIDN'T BAT AN EYELID AT THE PRICE. JUST PAID FOR IT
HE WAS A WEIRD ONE, AND SO SUSPICIOUS, TOO. JUMPED EVERY TIME SOMEONE SPOKE CLOSE TO HIM.. I WONDER... HE COULD HAVE ROBBED A BANK AND HAS TO WAIT FOR THE GETAWAY CAR - THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHY HE'S IN SUCH A HURRY
HE'S BACK!
A DRAMA!
I JUST KNEW IT. THE MINUTE I SAW HIM, I THOUGHT 'TROUBLE'!
... IT'S ON THE CORNER OF GERRARD AND GREAT NEWPORT STREET, AND HURRY. I'LL GIVE YOU JUST THREE MINUTES
HE WAS A COOL ONE NOW, THOUGH THE JOB HAD PROBABLY BEEN SUCCESSFUL
DO YOU HAVE TWO SIXPENCES?
HE MADE ANOTHER CALL AND AGAIN FORGOT TO SHUT THE KIOSK DOOR
I'LL GIVE YOU JUST TEN SECONDS FROM NOW.. TEN, NINE, EIGHT...
OH, I CAN'T BEAR IT. WHAT CAN I DO? HE'S PROBABLY GOING TO KILL SOMEONE NOW
SUDDENLY THERE WAS THIS TAP ON MY SHOULDER. I ALMOST DIED OF FRIGHT
DID YOU HEAR A BANG!
EH? DID I BEAR A HANG.. I MEAN..THAT IS
JUST AS WELL HE COULDN'T SEE MY KNEES WHICH WERE FREAKING OUT IN THE WILDEST JIVE OF FRIGHT
HEY, STEADY ON. YOU'RE SO JUMPY. ALL I WANTED TO KNOW...
I PULLED MYSELF TOGETHER QUICKLY
WAS.. DID I HEAR A BANG?
YES. WELL, DID YOU?
BEFORE I COULD EVEN ANSWER HE GRABBED ME ROUGHLY BY THE ARM...
FORGET YOU SAW ME, AND EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED THIS AFTERNOON, OR ELSE...
YES, YES
THEN HE JUST MARCHED OUT
OH, THANK HEAVENS. BUT WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?

SUPPOSE I'D BETTER TELL THE POLICE. HE MIGHT BE DANGEROUS
LOOK AFTER THE SHOP PLEASE, JOE, I MUST JUST DASH DOWN THE ROAD
I WORRIED ABOUT THE INCIDENT ALL THE WAY THERE. SUPPOSING HE'D FOLLOWED ME. HE HAD SAID NOT TO TELL ANYONE.
AND WHAT CAN I SAY TO THE POLICE, REALLY? THEY'LL THINK I'M NUTS
BUT THEY WERE SUPER AND LISTENED QUITE SERIOUSLY WHILE I TOLD ALL
WELL, DON'T WORRY, YOUNG LADY. WE'LL GET ON TO THIS RIGHT AWAY. HE MAY BE HARMLESS, THEN AGAIN, HE COULD..
OH, THANK YOU
I GOT BACK TO THE HOTEL JUST IN TIME TO SHUT UP SHOP AND SO HOME
VERY QUIET WHILE YOU WERE AWAY, MISS, ONLY SOLD ONE BOX OF MATCHES
THANK YOU, JOE, ANYWAY
I DON'T USUALLY RUSH BUT THIS NIGHT I WAS FRIGHTENED, AND ABSOLUTELY GALLOPED ALL THE WAY HOME
I MUST NOT BE SCARED. I MUST NOT BE SCARED...
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN HE'D BE THE TYPE TO LURK ROUND CORNERS
OH, HELP!
H-E-L-L-O CIGARETTE GIRL
OH, PLEASE DON'T HURT ME, PLEASE DON'T HURT ME. I DIDN'T TELL ANYONE. TRULY
STEADY, STEADY, THERE YOU GO AGAIN. NO-ONE IS GOING TO HURT YOU AT ALL
I SIMPLY HAD TO EXPLAIN ABOUT THIS AFTERNOON. IT WAS ALL A PUBLICITY STUNT WHICH WAS BEING FILMED, YOU SEE
OH. BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME?
LET'S GO BACK TOGETHER TO EXPLAIN, SHALL WE? THEY'LL SOON REALISE THAT I'M A HANDSOME GOOD PROTECTOR AND NOT A BADDIE EH?
OH, I'M SURE THEY WILL!
JOE WAS IN ON THE SECRET. HE TOLD ME I'M SORRY I FRIGHTENED YOU SO MUCH BUT YOU REACTED THE WAY WE WANTED YOU TO
BUT, BUT... I'VE REPORTED YOU TO THE POLICE
WELL PART OF MY DAYDREAM HAD MATERIALISED. I HAD RATHER FANCIED HIM, EVEN THOUGH HE'D BEEN SO VILE

FLOWERS OF BRITAIN

blue belle

Sometimes simple things make you realise the mistake you've made

HER name was Belle . . . straight up it was! And in many ways she WAS a belle. I mean, to look at she was pretty fantastic and one "Hi"! two cokes, after meeting her, I was hooked!

So there was this lovely baby and I, off hand in hand to the pictures. I'd left the choice to Belle seeing as it was our first date and it didn't seem too much like punishment going to see some sloppy love film . . . with her. Anyway I guessed I wouldn't be concentrating too hard on the film. Who was going to waste all that lovely dark?

I paid for best seats, bought her a box of chocolates and settled back cosily by her, waiting for the lights to go down.

She wriggled closer when I put my arm round her shoulder.

"I've heard it's a lovely film," she murmured.

"And you're lovely too!" I whispered back . . . there's nothing like priming the scene.

She flashed me a little smile, then looked at me a bit questioningly.

"You won't be mad if I cry will you?" she asked.

"CRY?" I repeated, "What on earth do you want to cry for doll? Me, I feel all warm inside, like I've been given a rise and a month's paid holiday all at once! That's what you do to me!"

"I can't help it," she told me. "I always have a little cry at the pictures . . . soppy isn't it?"

I agreed with her but didn't think it would be too diplomatic to say so right then. Actually I reckoned she wouldn't be seeing a lot . . . I mean, birds usually close their eyes when you're kissing 'em, don't they?

I pulled her gently closer to me as the credits went up on the screen, but she came sort of sideways, with her attention still on the opening scene so I thought perhaps I might be rushing things a bit. I reached for her hand and stroked it. It was soft and small, like a flower petal in my hand.

It was all happening in technicolour, straight in with the old sob stuff . . . right load of drivel, I thought. Give me James Bond or an action-packed war film any day . . . Still, being with Belle made up for having to sit through the slush, and some of the groovy love scenes might get her in the mood . . . make her feel all romantic and sentimental so that next time I drew her close she might give me her lips, instead of her left ear!

"Enjoying it love?" I whispered, when she seemed so absorbed I began to feel slightly out of things.

"Mm," she said in a queer swallowy sort of way.

"Not bawlin' already are you?" I asked, feeling slightly peeved. "It's hardly started yet!"

She sniffed and fumbled in her handbag.

"Here," I whispered on a sudden inspiration. "Don't watch if it's upsetting you", and I put my hand under her chin, turning her face towards me.

Her lips were quivering about a quarter of an inch from mine, when she says . . .

"It's so sad when two people love each other and they're torn apart, isn't it?"

"Mm," I murmured . . . then my lips pressed against . . . her left ear.

I knew then that I'd made a mistake in not taking her to see some epic like The Return Of The Vampire, or The Monster From Outer Space! At least she'd have clung to me then, if only in terror.

I lit a cigarette in disgust, and by the light of the match I saw Belle's eyes large and watery staring up at the capers going on in the film. . . . It was no good reaching for her hand either . . . the left one was clenched up against her cheek, and the right one clutched a hanky. She was up there with them, breaking her heart with the blessed heroine!

In the interval I tried to cheer her up with a choc ice, but she was in a dazed sort of state, and I guessed she could hardly wait until the lights went off again to follow the story.

Finally it all dragged to an end . . . the bird got the boy . . . We stood stiffly through The Queen, and I escaped at last.

"Oh!" she cried. "I *did* enjoy that!"

You could have fooled me!

BELLE! . . . BLUE-BELL, was more like it!

FLOWERS OF BRITAIN

daffodil

Girls, like flowers, are true to type

SHE was tall and slender, and she had this gorgeous yellow hair . . . Oh, and her name was Daphne.

It was Daphne who took me over when I was making such a horrible hash-up of things on the ice rink. I'd gone down there with a couple of my mates, more for a laugh than anything else I said, but I think I'd a secret notion that I might turn out to be Olympic Figure-skating Class, or something like!

Well . . . you know what they say about pride . . . and when the fall came . . . Oh boy! Did I go down with a bang!

It was Daphne who helped me up. She didn't roar with laughter the way my mates did, and I was too embarrassed about looking a Charlie to imagine that the expression on her face was one of pitying superiority.

"I'll teach you to skate if you like," she offered, after I'd dusted the ice dust off my trousers, and I began to think that the fall had been almost worth it. Anyway, who'd turn that sort of bonus down!

After a hectic half hour, I still didn't know all that much about the art of skating, but I'd managed to find out quite a bit about the girl . . . I knew she was eighteen, unattached at the moment, that her name was Daphne, and that she came down the ice rink four nights a week.

"You can skate jolly well!" I panted as she guided me to the safety of the barrier.

"Thanks!" she smiled. "I suppose I'm lucky to have good balance. I won the championship last year."

"Cor!" I whistled, feeling very impressed. "Bet that took some winning."

"Oh not really. I have confidence and that helps a lot."

"Like a coffee?" I asked not feeling up to more punishment on the rink, even for the sake of feeling Daphne's arm round me.

"Love it!" she said and it was then that I began to think I might like to get to know this pretty girl better . . . even pluck up courage to ask her for a date next night.

I edged myself gingerly on to a high stool.

"I don't think I've the makings of a skater!" I grinned ruefully.

"Oh, it takes a bit of time to get the hang of it," she said. "Unless you're like me. I just sort of took to it at once. My instructor says I'm a natural."

I somehow wished she hadn't said that. I mean, thinking these sort of ego boosting things to yourself is one thing, but coming out with them is another.

Anyway, she looked so good sitting there, with loads of gorgeous leg showing from beneath the mini pleated skating skirt, that I couldn't help myself coming up with the offer of an outing to the Palais.

"Oh that'd be great!" she cried. "I love dancing. Can YOU dance?"

"Sure!" I said. I mean, anybody can dance now'days can't they? As long as you can actually move, even twitch an eyebrow now and again . . . Man, you're in the groove!

"I've got my statuette!" she said coolly.

"What's that?" I asked.

"The highest you can get in amateur dancing," she said.

I began to have nasty little doubts about the Palais.

"You *must* be good," I murmured, taking a swallow of too hot coffee.

"Well, you don't get the statuette for nothing," she said easily.

"I s'pose you can do all those complicated twiddly steps they do in Come Dancing, on telly?" I asked, trying to ignore a slight feeling of depression.

"It's easy really," she said, "I've danced since I was seven anyway. My ballet teacher said I was so good she wanted me to try for a scholarship . . ."

Well, that was the point where I decided I'd forgotten I'd offered my mate a hand changing the gaskets on his bike the next night . . . and pity about The Palais!

"Oh, motor bikes are fun!" she cried. "I can strip down the engine of my brother's two stroke better than HE can . . ."

I got up as smartly as my bruises would allow, thanked her for the skating lesson and said I'd "see her around". I reckoned I'd never have been good enough for the Olympics anyway!

Daphne! I thought, as I pulled on my coat. DAFFODIL! . . . Told you girls are like flowers. This one was tall and slender, with yellow hair . . . like I've said . . . and Boy! Did she know how to blow her own trumpet!

CHIT 'N CHAT ABOUT THIS AND THAT WITH THE STATUS QUO

They were many things before they became **The Status Quo**. And they had many names before they became **The Status Quo**. And as such their first single **Pictures of Matchstick Men** hung around the charts long enough for it to become a household tune. And **The Status Quo** to become a household name.

A bouncy bunch of pop people they throw back answers to questions with such speed it is impossible to keep track of who says what. So this then is the result of an interview, with collective answers to random questions:

What makes you think you've got a right to be amongst the successful pop groups?

Because we've been around as long as most of them. Five years, in fact. In which time nothing spectacular has happened until now. We made four records before this, but . . .

What makes you think you're going to be different from any other group?

Silence! Then a slow, deep-thinking "Well we can only try. We're trying to produce a different sound with a lot of 'whaa whaas'. We think it's the thing that's selling this record all right . . . the whaa whaa bit. Even mates of ours often stop us and say 'How's that sound done?'"

And how is it done?

With a whaa whaa! (Loud cackles of laughter all round). No, seriously, it's just a time change . . . a foot pedal . . . on the old organ you know.

Why, when there are so many groups around, do new ones try to break into the scene? Why do you do it?

Well, just because there are other groups producing records you don't say "Aah, pack it up fellers, all go home." Why should we pack up?

What's the point of continuing?

Well, you've got to keep going if you want to get somewhere, haven't you? If you're ambitious to do something you're not going to stop are you. Silly, isn't it. I mean just because some newspaper is bigger than another it doesn't mean the smaller one is going to pack it up, does it? So we, too, have just to keep going. What's to stop us, anyway?

And it's the life, too. We enjoy that. We wouldn't give it up. Why should people like the Beatles and the Rolling Stones cop it all when there are other groups with just as much talent.

And you feel you've got it?

Yeah. And more!

Why has it taken you five years for something to happen, then?

Well, we hadn't got the money behind us before. Or the push. Or publicity.

It needs money to start the first one and once you've got that started that's it. We also had a lot of trouble with our records. The last one was banned "because it was too suggestive." The one before that was awful. Well . . . no-one expects anything to happen with the first record!

Also we didn't have anyone to help us out at all. No-one said "Well here is a new group and this is their record." It was just a case of the record being there and that was that.

What do you think about this great "Rock" revival?

Well, we've worked hard to bring the rock 'n' roll scene back.

Is it going to be more popular than any other type?

You don't know, do you. The trends in music change so much, don't they. One minute it's Tamla Motown, the next it's soul. You know, you just can't tell.

It doesn't come over so much on radio as seen 'live' because of all the extravagant gestures. And besides rock is so much simpler.

Girls?

(Loud groans of happy approval!) Yeeeeeer! They're too much.

Who do the girls rush on stage for?

(All together) Me!

No, they all scramble on stage with scissors cutting your hair. They grab and phht! away goes a bit of hair. Charming!

So do you run to your dressing rooms quickly?

No. We run towards them!

After much argument **The Status Quo** *decided that their ideal girl must be glam, about 5ft. 5 ins. tall with a lovely little face and turned up nose. Must like wearing mini skirts. Maxis are "barley" (and for the uninformed that means out! You know, "barley and stout" equals out). And she mustn't bite her fingernails.*

So all the girls measuring up to this, do look up **The Status Quo** *when next they're in your town. You can be sure of a fantastic welcome!*

The Signs of Love

We talk about love all the time. Marriage and divorce and going steady are always somewhere in the headlines. People are saved and people are wrecked, generally it's all pegged on to that simple four-lettered word L-O-V-E. But how do you know when you are in love? Are the symptoms hearing, seeing and feeling dreamy things? Yes, of course, but there are other important and subtle clues to look out for.

Probably one of the most important signs is when you suddenly find yourself doing things and feeling things totally out of character. This means that your emotions are strong enough to change life-long habits and attitudes towards people and most important of all your sweetheart. You'll put up with being let down, hurt, disappointed, and then forgive all. Why? Because you simply can't help yourself. "Be firm! Be strong! Be Hard!" that's the advice you'll get. But if you really are in love you won't be able to face doing any of these things because it means hurting yourself every time you are.

Another sign of love is the feeling you get when you're apart. It doesn't matter if it's only for a few hours or for a day, if you really are in love you'll really miss him. Everything will revolve around him and the time when you're going to see him again. You'll feel sick and empty without him.

If you're really in love the more time you spend together the better and better things will get. That's why people eventually decide to get married because they want to share their lives completely. Once you're really in love nothing else will do.

Another sign of love is when you find yourself singing the praises of your sweetheart. You might not necessarily tell him how wonderful you think he is although you'll want to tell other people. You'll surprise yourself.

Love makes itself shown when you go out together and you stay together. You might wander for a while but you'll be back to his side in a flash. You'll be proud to be with each other and you'll want everyone to see. And when someone else is around you'll discover just how much you care by how much you release pent-up feelings on the other person involved. Love gives you strength if it's mutual and you don't need a third party to sort things out with.

Love is when you never feel absolutely a hundred per cent happy because the slightest uncertainty will tie your emotions in knots. Love makes you vulnerable because if it suddenly disappears you'll be lost and you know it. If you don't feel like that then you're not in love. If you can control your feelings and blow hot and cold whenever you please then you're not in love.

The signs of love show when no one else but him matters. Love is when you can't fall back on other boy friends. Love is when you can't even go through with making him feel jealous. When love is real you either care for each other or you don't and all the games have to be pretty clever ones or you'll come unstuck because love is a fire that only someone who isn't in love should play with.

Love is when you respect someone else's desire for freedom, silence and when you do everything in your power to change it all despite that. Love is when you try and cheer someone up when they feel depressed, even if you feel a bit mad that they feel depressed in your company. You have to make the effort to make things work. Remember that funny little expression about give and take. That's what the signs of love are all about.

Well those are some of the clues. Now here's a little quiz to help you find out for yourself whether you are or aren't in love. Answer honestly or else our special lie detector built into the pages will find you out. Then what will you do?

1 He comes around with his friend and you've bought a new dress. He says in front of him that he doesn't like it and will you put on another dress that he likes very much. Do you
- **(a)** *Refuse to go out with him?*
- **(b)** *Change it after a bit of a battle?*
- **(c)** *Wear the new dress?*

2 He says he'll ring you and he doesn't. Do you
- **(a)** *Feel desperately hurt?*
- **(b)** *Phone him instead?*
- **(c)** *Get angry?*

3 You want to go to see a film and he wants to see something else. Do you
- **(a)** *Walk off in a huff?*
- **(b)** *Talk it over sensibly?*
- **(c)** *Go by yourself?*

4 You go to a party and he dances with another girl. Do you
- **(a)** *Feel jealous and sulk.*
- **(b)** *Wait until he comes back?*
- **(c)** *Go off with someone else?*

5 He seems a bit quiet and distant. Do you
- **(a)** *Take it as an insult?*
- **(b)** *Try and cheer him up?*
- **(c)** *Behave like he does?*

6 He says something nasty to you. Do you
- **(a)** *Swear not to forgive him?*
- **(b)** *Try and work out the reason?*
- **(c)** *Pack him up?*

7 He asks you to do something you don't want to do. Do you
- **(a)** *Do it?*
- **(b)** *Try and explain he's being unreasonable?*
- **(c)** *Tell him to get lost?*

8 He keeps you waiting for an hour. Do you
- **(a)** *Go home in distress.*
- **(b)** *Phone up to see where he's got to?*
- **(c)** *Go and visit another boyfriend?*

9 He tells you he loves you. Do you
- **(a)** *Keep silent?*
- **(b)** *Say it back to him?*
- **(c)** *Laugh in his face?*

10 He starts talking about an ex-girl friend. Do you
- **(a)** *Leave the room?*
- **(b)** *Listen?*
- **(c)** *Slap his face?*

All a's you're far too impulsive and emotional. You've got to be more reasonable and more mature. All b's then you are in love definitely though watch letting him walk all over you. All c's you're a lethal mixture. You're far too calculating. When you stop thinking of your own self-importance you might manage to win his heart. A mixture? You're mixed up!

GRUMBLE-GO-ROUND

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THAT SOMEONE IS ALWAYS GOING ON ABOUT SOMETHING ?
I LOVE MY FAMILY VERY MUCH, BUT THEY CAN BE SUCH A DRAG AT TIMES

TAKE THE OTHER NIGHT FOR INSTANCE... ROBIN, I'M SURE, WAS JUST GOING TO PROPOSE WHEN MY SISTER NELL CAME BELTING UP TO TELL ME ABOUT 'SOMETHING QUITE FANTASTIC'

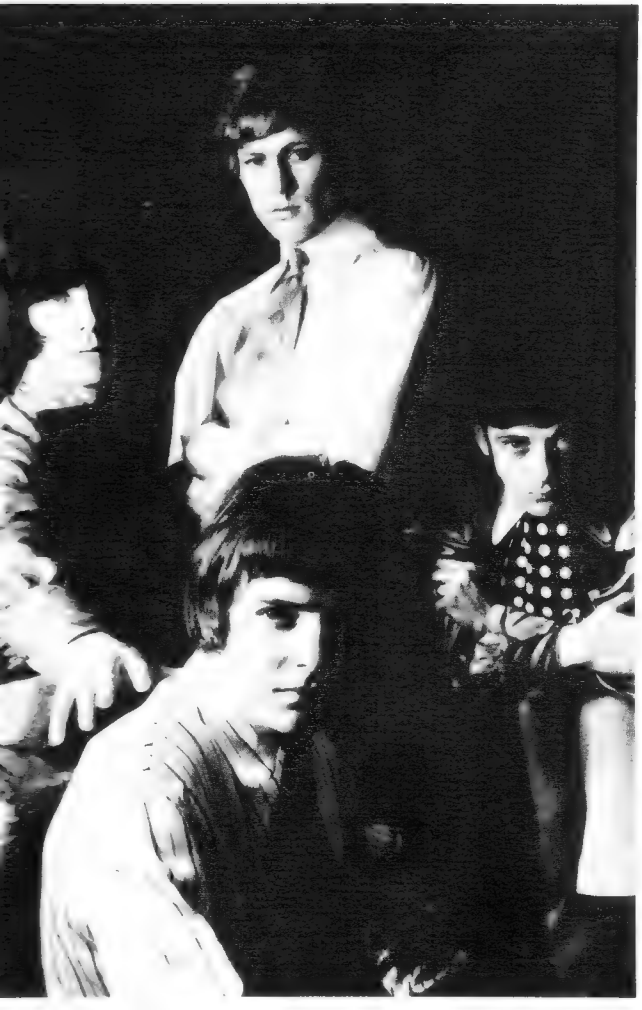
IT COULD HAVE WAITED. I MEAN, A DRESS IS A DRESS, ISN'T IT ? AND I COULDN'T EVEN MAKE THE RIGHT APPRECIATIVE NOISES, I WAS THAT CHOKED ABOUT THE INTERRUPTION

'WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?,' SHE DEMANDED, 'I'VE BEEN WORRIED STIFF.' I WOULDN'T ANSWER, AND SHE WAS JUST ABOUT TO BELT ME ONE WHEN I STARTED SCREAMING. SHE LET ME GO VERY QUICKLY, I CAN TELL YOU

YESTERDAY WAS EVEN WORSE. 'YOU MUST COME SHOPPING', MUM SAID. MARVELLOUS! THEN DAD FOUND HE COULDN'T DRIVE US IN TO TOWN — TOO MUCH WORK TO DO, SO GAVE MUM ADVICE ON HOW TO COPE WITH TRAFFIC UPTOWN
HE WENT ON AND ON, WITH MUM JUST SAYING 'YES, NO, YES, NO' FOR HOURS AND ME JUST SITTING, SITTING, SITTING.
IN THE END I GOT SO FED UP I JUMPED OUT, STOOD BESIDE THE CAR SO'S THEY'D NOTICE ME, AND TAPPED MY FOOT LOUDLY
WELL, THEY FINALLY GOT AROUND TO SAYING GOODBYE AND WE'D ONLY GONE A FEW YARDS WHEN THERE WAS THIS FANTASTIC 'CRUNCH!' AND THE BIG END, PISTON OR WHATEVER IT IS THAT DROPS OUT OF CARS, DID JUST THAT
DAD WAS LIVID BECAUSE HE SIMPLY HAD TO FIND TIME TO TAKE US IN TO TOWN AFTER THAT. MUM AND I CHANGED INTO SOME SCRUFFY GEAR TO WEAR IN DAD'S EQUALLY TATTY OLD LORRY...
AND WE HAD TO SIT THERE FOR HOURS WHILE HE RAVED ABOUT WOMEN DRIVERS. BLAMED IT ALL ON MUM. HOW COULD HE SAY THAT? I MEAN SHE'D ONLY GONE ABOUT TWO YARDS, WHEN.. KERPLUNK! OHHH, DAD CAN BE SUCH A MENACE
ANYWAY, WE MADE IT INTO TOWN EVENTUALLY — ABOUT THREE HOURS LATER ...
AND THEN MUM DRAGGED ME INTO BERYL'S BOUTIQUE. 'HERE, LOVIE, TRY THIS ON', SHE SAID. IT WAS THE FAMILY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO ME. IT WAS BEAUTIFUL. AND, OH, I JUST WANTED TO CRY WITH HAPPINESS. SEE WHAT I MEAN? I JUST HAD TO FORGIVE THEM FOR EVERYTHING, THEN. WELL, WOULDN'T YOU?

ANATOMY OF A GROUP by Tim Satchell

The lowing Herd winds slowly to the top



OUT of the musical wilderness came **The Herd** to bring some happiness to music again. These four good-looking London lads at last found fame and fortune. They were well known in the In-Clubs of London, but few people outside the capital had heard of them.

The group had been formed about a year and a half and had done quite well for itself, and then they added an unknown sixteen-year-old guitarist to the group. Everyone said: "You're mad to take on someone so inexperienced." But what **Peter Frampton** lacked in experience he more than made up for with his incredible guitar playing and powerful voice, not to mention his out-of-this-world good looks!

Peter joined **Andy Bown, Gary Taylor** and **Andy Steele,** and **The Herd** as we now know them, was born. **Gary Taylor** says: "I started playing with groups when I was fifteen. They were really pretty bad. We all used to plug our instruments into one little amplifier, but it was always packed at the Youth Club in Mitcham where we used to play!"

Gary is the fair-haired, blue-eyed bass guitarist and despite all the fame and success the group has had, he is still a really nice, genuinely modest person. "I used to think that I was pretty good as a guitarist in those days, now that I look back at it I realise that I was terrible!" he says.

The quiet one in the group is **Andy Steele** the lightning-fast drummer. "When people first meet him they think that he's very off-hand and shy," says **Andy Bown.** "But underneath he's a great fellow – it just takes a little while to accept him." **Andrew Steele** says: "I'm never off-hand on purpose, I think it's just my normal way of behaving." He grins. "And I wouldn't really describe myself as shy!"

"I remember when I started to play the drums," says **Andrew.** "I had a really rotten set, but I soon managed to save up for some better drums."

Andy Bown is the dark-haired and green-eyed (that's what he says anyway!) organist with the group. He's friendly, chatty and artistic. He usually appears wearing an enormous floppy velvet bow-tie. "I've got quite a collection of these, now," he told me. "I always imagined myself as a big star – they used to call me 'Marlon Bown' at school! I used to sit glued to the telly whenever there was a Pop programme on and I could just imagine myself up there on the stage, chatting away with David Jacobs, or someone like that, as if we were old mates."

"Although I fancied myself as a star, I don't think that I REALLY ever thought that I would be on the T.V. and see my name printed in the papers. When we started to get well known, I thought – 'This can't last for long, and that's probably just as well as I soon get bored of it all' – but, you know, the funny thing is that it's gone on for some time now and I'm still not bored. I love recording and playing live, all the interviews and even the photographic sessions. It's rather a fabulous feeling to think that someone wants a picture of you! And I love getting fan letters – it's really great."

"I suppose it must sound as though I'm conceited, but it would be impossible for anyone to be conceited in this group as we all pull each others legs so much!" He grins happily, "Anyway I'm not brilliant at anything so it would be quite difficult to be stuck-up!" In fact, **Andy** is one of the most modest people in the group world, for he is a very talented musician as well as having an excellent voice.

The quartet is completed by **Peter Frampton,** the dark-haired, blue-eyed lead guitarist. "I started playing the piano, but I was dead keen on The Shadows and I thought that Hank B. Marvin was fantastic. So I got myself a guitar and a teach-yourself book and I was away! In fact, at one time Bruce Welch was ill, and so I wrote up to The Shadows asking if they wanted a replacement. They sent me a very nice letter back saying: 'Thanks for the offer, but Bruce will be back with us quite soon', so I might never have joined The Herd!"

Peter also writes songs. "He writes them with the other half of the greatest song writing team in the world," says **Andy.** "Who's that?" I ask. **Andy** looks suitably modest, as **Gary** points an accusing finger at him. "We write songs anywhere and everywhere," says **Peter,** "In the bath, in bed, travelling or in hotels."

Andy smiles: "When I write in bed, I use sheet music!" There are awful groans from **Gary,** and **Peter** grimaces.

The Herd are definitely here to stay. "We're not trying to be big, moody-type stars," they say, "We're just trying to be ourselves."

It's good to meet a group like The Herd, who are successful, talented and famous and yet are modest, charming, polite, well-mannered and very amusing. They are going to be around for a long time and they fully deserve all the success that they get. Long Live The Herd.

THE LOVE AFFAIR

THE LOVE AFFAIR

BY TIM SATCHELL

Every now and again something happens that sets the Pop music world on its head, upside down and turned around. The marvel of 1968 was a group called THE LOVE AFFAIR. From nowhere they came and stormed up the charts knocking all the established people off their perches. And there they stayed Kings of the Charts for many a week.

The fans were delighted. "It's great to have some youngsters back in the charts," they said. Mick, the guitarist, said in amazement: "You know, some of the top groups are TWENTY YEARS OLD!" He made it sound like Five Hundred! But we all understood what he meant – the Love Affair are our kind of group, playing for us.

Who is the Love Affair? What is it? Where did it come from? Well, it had rather strange origins. There was this boy called Maurice Bacon, who was fifteen and wanted to play in a group. Now he had started playing his father's battered old drum kit at a very young age. so he was really a very good drummer. He looked around, but all the local groups already had drummers and so Maurice, or "Mo" as he was known to his friends, got very fed up.

No father likes to see his son fed up and so Mo's father, Sidney, who had himself been a drummer when he was young, put an advertisement in some music papers for some people to form a group. Lots of young hopefuls turned up to be listened to. Some of the boys got on so well together that it was decided that they would be the rest of the group.

And so it was that Rex Brayley, Steve Ellis, Mick Jackson and Lynton Guest found themselves in a group with Mo. "What shall we call you?" wondered Sidney Bacon. They all thought for a few days and they decided that the group should be called "THE LOVE AFFAIR", after the television programme. "It might have been THE CORONATION STREET or THE Z CARS," Lynton says. "It's just that we thought THE LOVE AFFAIR sounded better than the other suggestions."

At this time Rex was 18, Lynton was 17, Steve and Mick were 16 and Mo was only 15!

One day they heard a song on the radio called "Everlasting Love". It was an American record and wasn't at all well known over here. "That's it," they decided. "We'll do that one. It's a real knock-out." So they rushed into the recording studios and recorded their first record. Soon "Everlasting Love" poured into the record shops of Britain.

To start with it sold fairly well, but then suddenly something seemed to click and it leapt to the top. The Love Affair was famous. Everywhere they went they were mobbed and the clothes were torn off their backs. Overnight they became Stars.

They're young and look it and feel it but they didn't fumble their way to the top. They just knew they were going there, that's all.

It was like something out of a story-book. "I just can't believe it," said Steve. "It was only a few weeks ago that I was earning £3 10s. as an electrical apprentice!"

Breaking down the LOVE AFFAIR, they look like this: REX comes from Hounslow and is dark, with slightly wavy hair and plays bass guitar. He's the oldest so it seems natural that he's the most assured of himself. He's got an active, eager enquiring mind — often the interviewers who speak to him find that they're the one being interviewed!

MICK is from Bradford, but he certainly isn't one of the so-called 'blunt Northerners'. He's charming, well-mannered, polite as well as being the good-looker. He plays the guitar well too! No girl could want anyone nicer than Mick. "I reckon I'm pretty ugly," he says embarrassed by all the people who say that he's good looking.

LYNTON is the classically trained organist. He too comes from 'up North' and immediately got on well with Mick and so they now share a flat. "My parents didn't really want me to join a group, as they thought I wouldn't earn enough to keep from starving! As it was we were very lucky and they don't mind at all now!" he says.

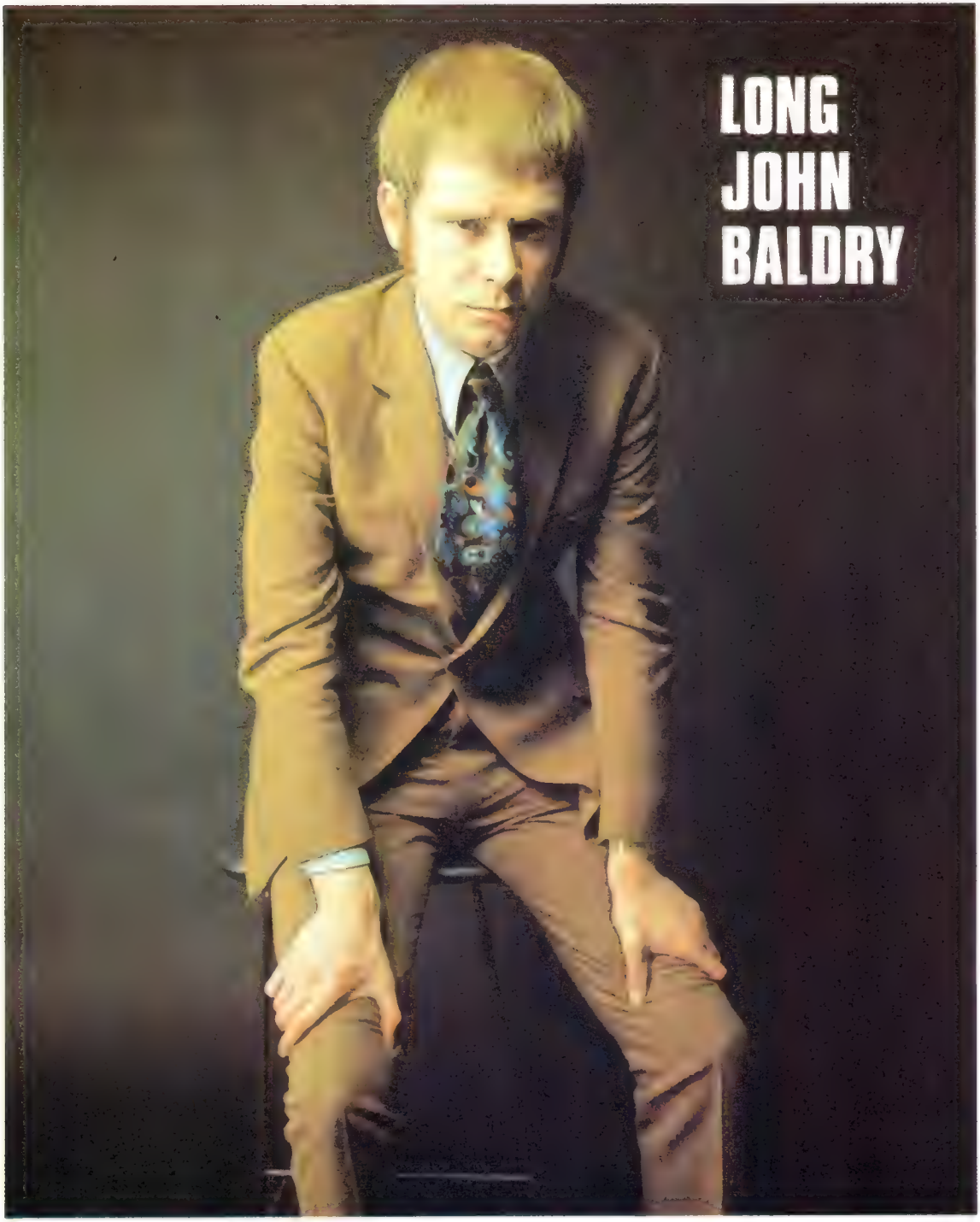
STEVE is the fair-haired singer from Finchley. "I'm a bit of a Mod", he confesses, "or at least I was when I joined the group! For some reason my hair just doesn't seem to grow and I used to feel so conspicuous with such short hair!" He's slightly built but he's got a big-as-all-outdoors-voice that excites audiences all over the country. "I'd never sung with a group before the Love Affair," he says, "So I don't know how we made it!"

Last, but by no means least comes Mo. "He's our fat drummer," says Rex. "I think it's just puppy fat," says Steve hopefully. Mo isn't really fat, but he isn't thin *either. He takes all their teasing good-humouredly. "I'm happy just drumming," he says, tapping some new rhythms out on the table-top with the pair of drum-sticks that appear magically wherever he is.*

And so there they are, a Love Affair to remember. Their exciting, vibrant and young sounds will be around for a long time yet, I forecast. So keep watching them.

Oh, there are people around who will knock them, but then there's always someone (usually someone who's a failure!) who'll have a go at the ones who make it. They shot up fast and surprised a lot of people but they're going to surprise a few more people yet – they've got all kinds of exciting plans up their sleeves for the future.

So stay tuned to The Love Affair for the further adventures of Steve, Rex, Mick, Lynton and Mo. Because this is going to be the Love Affair that is going to live happily ever after.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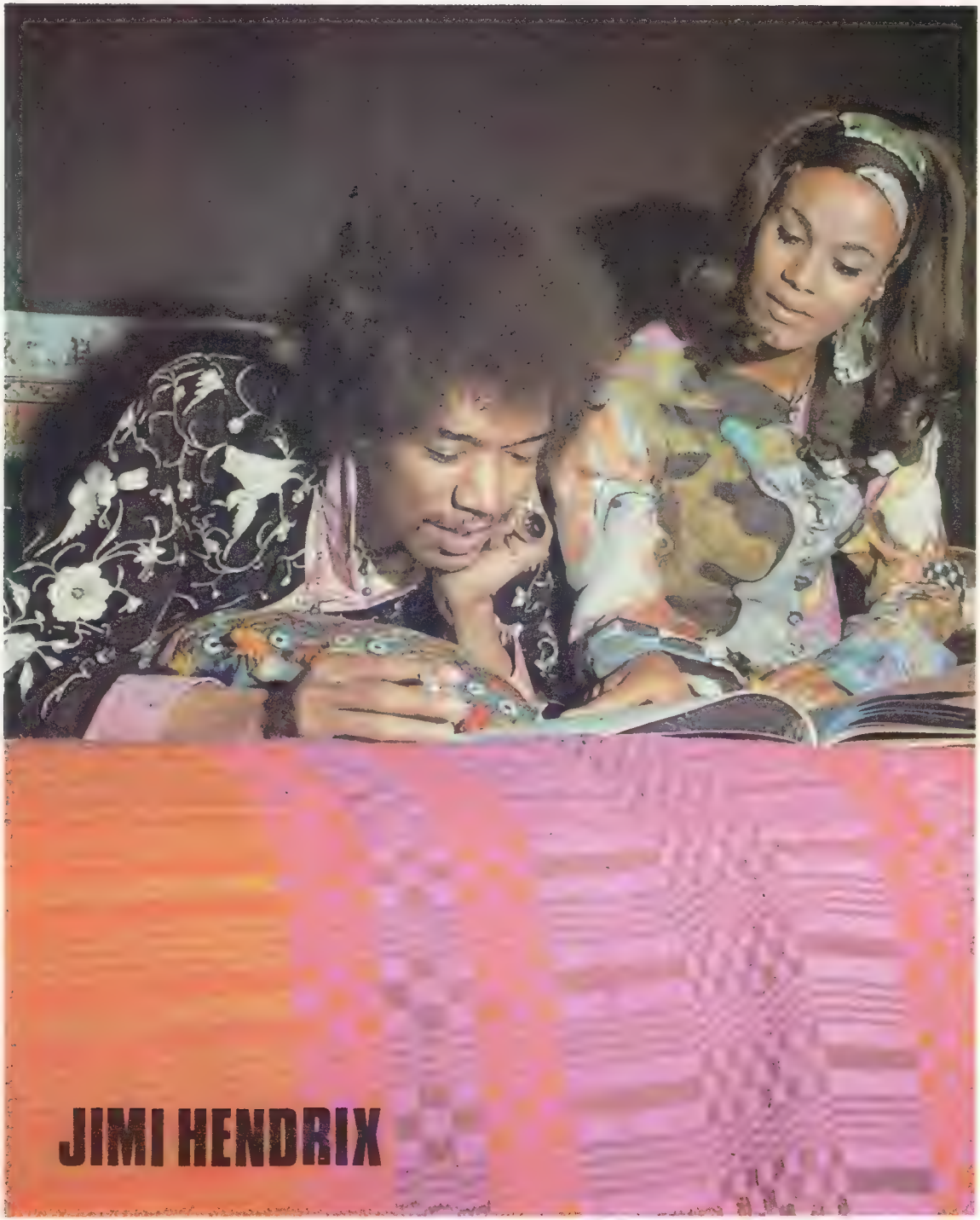

JIMI HENDRIX

THE REASON WHY THE ROSE IS THORNY

by Rose Lewis

Avoid the thorns and the rose becomes even more beatiful. So it is with love.

SHE was as dazzlingly beautiful as a rose which seems to be alight as it glows soft and velvet in a garden. And as people gather roses and place them in vases to be gazed upon and admired, Samantha Jenkins was a victim of young men who wanted to date her and show her off like a status symbol.

The only trouble was that Sammy didn't regard herself as a status symbol. She didn't want to be bought with compliments and drinks and expensive meals and presents or treated like a spoilt pedigree dog. She wanted to be loved for herself, not for her looks, which was all most boys seemed to care about. They told her she was lovely, that her hands were delicate, her skin soft, but they never bothered to search deeper to find out what she was feeling underneath her fine petals. She always appeared to have won first prize at the flower show but she felt constantly cheated of something more rewarding, something to make her life worthwhile.

She kept a diary in which she often made detailed entries about her life. And one afternoon with nothing better to do she started reading back over it in the sitting room, looking like a Dutch painting as she sat beside the flowers that her mother had taken such care to arrange, as she had once arranged her daughter's wardrobe when she was a little girl. Sammy had been a rose since she was two years old.

Sammy had jotted down conversations, feelings, reactions, and was surprised when she began reading it all for it seemed to belong to a stranger.

Christmas Eve I went to a party tonight with Jonathan Slade, the managing director's son. I was so miserable when I got home. He bought me a fantastic ring with a real stone. I was awful to him, the way I looked at it you would have thought it was an old piece of Woolworth's junk. He didn't seem very hurt though. He's terribly thick-skinned. He introduced me to all his friends. I'm sure I had a revolting look on my face. They're so stuck-up and boring that they made me feel sick. They're crazy they treat me like porcelain. But no one ever seems to bother to get really close to me, even Johnny. You'd think I was going to fall to pieces when he kissed me good night. He's not a bit passionate, all he thinks about is making money I'm sure. I would have thought just as much of him if he'd given me some simple thing if he had really thought about it. Oh well Happy Christmas everyone!

New Year's Eve What a rotten start to the New Year. Guess who took me out? Johnny. We went to this ball. You should have seen him he looked so funny, he went as Romeo. He wore tights, he borrowed the gear from a theatrical shop. The tights went all wrinkly. I couldn't help bursting out laughing when I saw him. He said I was cruel and mocking. He hasn't got a sense of humour at all. Of course I had to go as Juliet, that wasn't bad. I wore this long dress, an old evening gown of mum's and put some sparkly stuff on the bodice. We both wore masks, well that helped at least I didn't have to look at his stupid face I don't really mean that. He's sweet or he tries to be but he always seems to do things that irritate me. Anyway he was absolutely furious when he discovered me kissing someone else at midnight. I don't even remember who it was either. It wasn't my fault someone just came up and grabbed me before I knew what was happening. Tonight on the way back in the car he told me he loved me. I didn't know what to say. I giggled. I didn't mean to giggle. Honestly though how can he tell me he loves me? He doesn't really he just likes it because all his friends say that I'm attractive. I don't know whether I'm attractive or not. I think it takes someone you're attracted to to make you feel attractive. I haven't made any resolutions really, only to pack up Johnny and find someone I really love!

January 10th It's taken me all this time but eventually I've managed to tell Johnny that I don't want to see him again. He looked as if he was going to cry when I told him. He muttered something under his breath, I think he swore. I'm not dreadful really but I had to tell him straight. I had to bring the point home or it would have gone on and on and would have got worse and worse. Oh I wish I could meet someone I didn't have to go off in the end. It's so pointless and such a waste of time. But I don't seem to have much choice these days. I don't know what I'll do when I see him at work tomorrow. I think he hates me now and his friends will probably ignore me too.

February 1st I haven't been out with anyone since Johnny. I felt lonely to begin with after all I was used to having someone to take me out when I wanted even if I didn't enjoy it. It's rotten to rely on your girl friends. And you can't help feeling a bit of an outcast when you go somewhere unescorted. It's such a drag when people ask you to dance and all that and you don't want to. You sit there looking miserable and people think it's because you're unattractive and you can't get anyone. But it's not true you're sitting out of choice. You can't explain something like that. When they come and ask you to dance you say "No thanks I've broken my ankle," or something rude like that, otherwise you get landed with some awful burk who pesters you and cracks corny jokes until you allow him to take you home. Then you have to nip out of the car like lightning because you'd die if they tried to kiss you. You feel so hard and rotten when you whizz off with a phoney smile on your face and say, "Thanks a lot it's very kind of you." I'd feel

awful if someone did that to me.

February 14th Went to a Valentines dance this evening. Met a boy called Steve, seems quite nice. I've got a date with him on Saturday. Maybe I'll fall in love with him or something crazy like that. He's quite good looking and he's training to be a dentist.

February 18th Saw Steve tonight. I wish I'd never gone. It was terrible we sat there like a couple of morons and he told me all about teeth. His eyes shone when he explained how you go about fitting a pair of dentures, it was worse than actually going to the dentist! After he brought me home I laughed and said it had been a rather drilling experience. He didn't seem to realise I was being sarky. He asked me if I'd see him again. I said I was sorry but my aunty had suddenly been taken ill and I had to go away and nurse her. He told me to ring him as soon as I got back. Idiot, he must be joking! More shattered illusions . . .

April – I've decided to pack-up Peter. He really is getting on my nerves. I feel like smashing something when I'm with him just to liven things up a bit. He says I'm immature the way I carry on. Well I'd prefer to be immature, it's like being out with an old age pensioner, he's so proper about everything. Actually I think he's a bit scared of me. Once or twice I've said rather scathing things in front of his friends. I don't mean these, they just seem to come out of my mouth. Often it's because I'm hurt in some way and no one realises it. I wish I had a boy friend who understood me. I'm sure I'm not such a nasty person deep down inside. I wonder what Peter will say when I tell him I'm going to drop him. Well he'll just have to grin and bear it, I've put up with him for long enough.

April 18th Peter still keeps ringing me although I've explained that I'm seeing someone else. He said he'd go crazy if I refused to see him ever again. I don't feel at all sorry for him though. I told him he was making a fool of himself. He promised me all kinds of things but I know he'll never change. There's no good in going back to the past.

April 26th Had a row with David tonight. He told me I was cold. Well what does he expect. I'm not in love with him I just can't turn on feelings I don't have for him. I do try but they're simply not there. I can feel myself freezing up now when he touches my hand. I know it wasn't like that at the beginning but I didn't see all his faults then. He's always telling me I'm wrong about everything. I can't be wrong about everything. Although I was wrong about him, as usual. I wish I could fall in love. All my girl friends seem to manage it. There must be something wrong with me. Sometimes I feel like a freak. It just goes on and on and I always go off of them. I wish I was different and didn't expect anything at all from boys.

May 20th Sheila and Pat want me to fix up a holiday with them and their boy friends. I don't know what to do, I could ask Ian but I don't even know if I'll still be seeing him in August. Pat and Sheila have been going steady for nearly two years. I simply don't know how they manage it. The longest I've been out with anyone is six months and that ended up in disaster. His name was Clive. He was a designer. It just got to a point when I felt embarassed even walking down the road with him It's silly really he was very kind to me. I know it hurt him but what else could I do?

May 30th I've dropped out of the holiday plans. I can't possibly arrange things that far ahead. I don't know what I shall do or where I shall go but it doesn't matter. I'll probably end up going away to some dreary resort with Mum and Dad and feel terribly bored. My mum says she doesn't know what's going to happen to me if I go on like this. She can't talk she's always rowing with dad anyway. Fancy being married for twenty years to one person. I'd go potty I think.

At this point Sheila put down the diary. "It's amazing," she thought. "Night after night, entry after entry and they all seem to come to the same conclusion." She felt old and hard. Yet she was more lovely and fresh than the flowers that her mother had arranged.

The next time she picked up the diary and read it was in Autumn and the flowers had started wilting and the air was chilly. But Sammy was still as lovely as a summer rose. Her skin was tanned and her eyes were as blue as an Italian sky. This time as she read a smile hovered across her full mouth and her eyes had a dreamy faraway look.

June 8th I have a date tonight. His name is Paul. I won't go on about it though because I know only too well that I'll be writing the same old rubbish as usual in a couple of weeks. Mum's been in bed with the flu, she's lost some weight but she's O.K. now. Changed my job and I like it.

July 25th Haven't had time to write anything for ages. I've been so busy. Will try and fill in the gaps later this week.

August 2nd I feel so happy I still don't have a lot of time to collect my thoughts. Must rush I'm going out with Paul.

August 20th I'm in love! I'm in love! I'm in love!

August 25th I haven't seen Paul for two whole days I think I'll die if he stays away much longer.

September 2nd I can't imagine what it's like not to be in love like this. I feel so deliriously happy sometimes. At other times very low (usually because I'm missing Paul).

September 16th Paul is studying for an exam at the moment. I wish I could help him with it but I put him off when I keep wanting to touch him and kiss him when he's trying to concentrate on his books. Paul is wonderful. I do love him. There's just something about him which makes me feel emotional all the time. I hate it when he leaves me. He's marvellous. He's got lovely floppy hair and his eyes look all sleepy. He's not tall but he's a nice build. Just right to go with me he always says. I can't help agreeing. I feel so proud of him when we walk along. I know we look terribly happy when we're together. I'd never do anything to hurt Paul. It would hurt me more than him I think. I can't imagine the future without him. I don't want to even think about things like that. I love him. I love him so much I feel like bursting with it all. He's so understanding, he can even read my thoughts sometimes. He's a bit critical. He doesn't put me up on a pedestal or dish up loads of compliments He likes the funny things about me that no one else ever noticed. He says I've got crooked legs but he likes them like that. I don't know whether I like him saying that or not. He's only joking most of the time though. He knows how used I am to be buttered up by men. Paul tries to get inside me as a person, to understand. We talk for hours and hours sometimes and I never want to stop or get restless or bored or go off in a huff like I used to. I wish these exams would hurry up and pass because all I want to do is to spend every moment I have with Paul.

Sammy put down the diary and smiled. She looked the same girl as a year ago only she knew that it had taken Paul to clip away the lovely rose's prickly thorns. Like the rose Sammy's thorns had protected her and underneath she was very sensitive. Now she didn't need to protect herself for she had someone to really love and there was nothing to be afraid of any more.

THE FOUNDATIONS

MOODY BLUES

OUCH !
GROAN !
MUTTER !
NATTER !

Rain that stays away all week, then comes down in torrents at weekends when you'd like to be out walking in the park or something!

Snow that falls the day you've left your Wellingtons at Aunt Dora's place and have to wade ankle-deep through slush in your brand new, and only, pair of shoes.

Hiding Mum's birthday present in a "very special place" then not being able to find the hideaway on THE day.

Flinging wide the window and breathing in the early morning air deeply. Developing a cold as a result instead of a beautiful, healthy body.

High stools in coffee bars that are so high you need a smaller one to help you climb on to them.

Eating pounds of carrots and getting indigestion, rather than the magnificent eyesight promised by certain advertisements.

Getting up late. Belting down your breakfast and haring off to work. Arriving there to find it empty of people and the large clock showing you're an hour early. You'd set your alarm an hour ahead by mistake.

Just getting the hang of painting "bananas" in the sockets of your eyes, when the fashion experts tell you "Bananas are out! out! out!" It's back to the no-eye-look.

Vowing to hate and hit your eldest sister "When I am big enough." Feeling you're now big enough to do so, but finding it irritating because you can't remember why you'd like to hit her.

Praying that Elvis Presley wouldn't get married until you got to America, because you and he were just meant for each other. Finding that he ignored all prayers and got married, anyway, to someone else.

Realising suddenly that unlike you, your dog LULU is completely lacking in manners and good taste since she is far more delighted in ogling neighbouring mangy-

Grumble, grumble . . . Who hasn't felt like doing that at some time or another? It's nicer having someone on the listening end of course! And here's where we've got one up on you. Simply by reading this you're automatically listening to our miles and miles of grumbles!!

looking males than even sniffing a greeting to the aristocratic pedigree you had in mind for her at the kennels.

People who will insist on speaking to you when you're in the middle of reading a good book.

People who will keep on reading some book while you're telling them a very funny joke.

Lifts that break down the day you're clutching two hundred million parcels and have to walk up six floors to get to your office.

Traffic lights that deliberately wait until you're in the middle of a busy road then change quickly. Just to see, you're quite sure, you 'jetapult' let alone catapult to the other side before the avalanche of cars flows over you.

Anemone buds that sneakily burst into full bloom in the three minutes you're out of the room, after watching for the petals to uncurl all morning.

People who are grumpy first thing in the morning when you're in a bubbly mood.

People who are bubbly half-way through the day when you're all depressed and morbid.

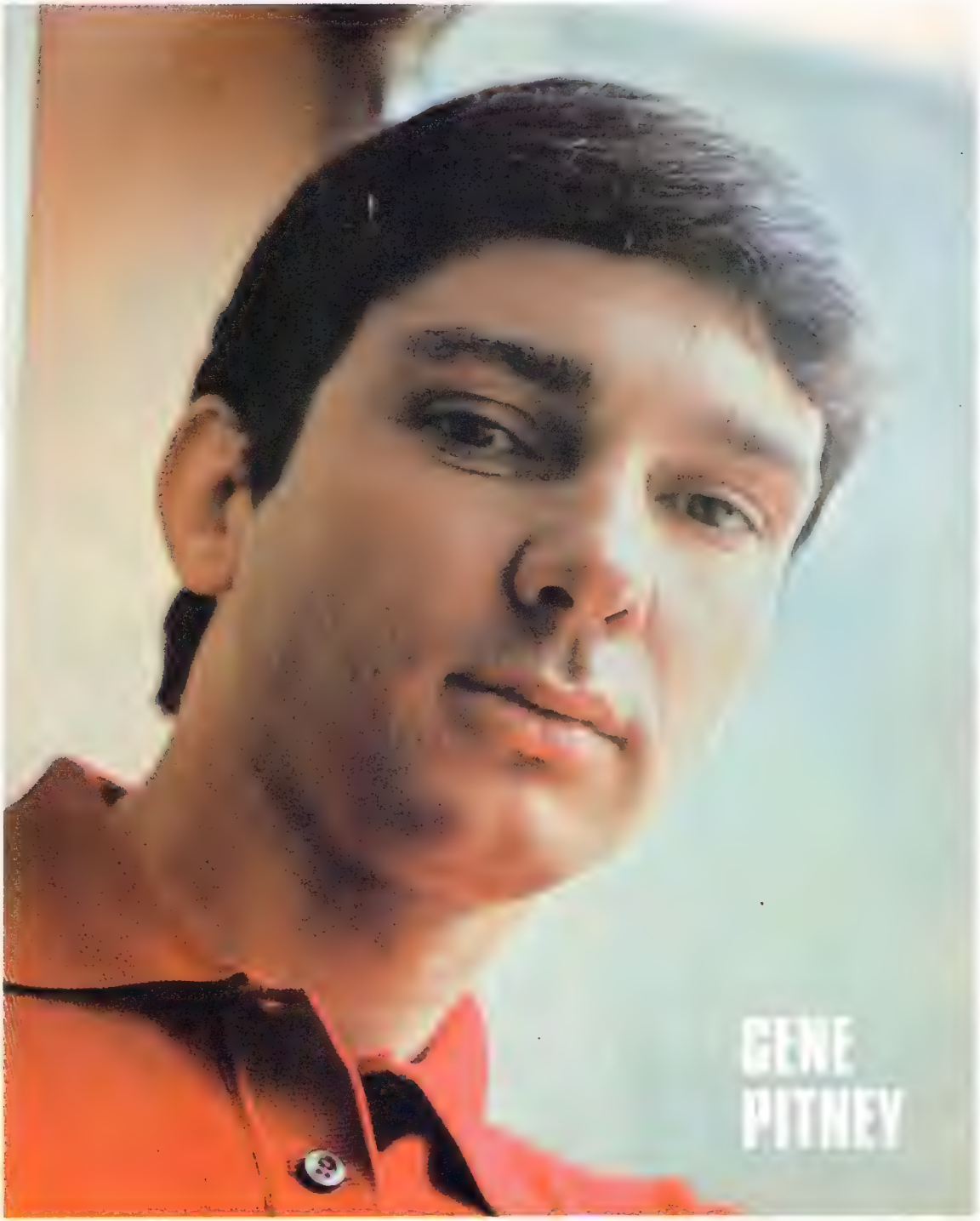
Trains that pull out of the station even though they know you're at the ticket office just waiting for change or something.

Ringing a friend to tell her how very sad you are. Finding she is even sadder, and after listening to her story, forgetting why you rang her in the first place.

Serving up special food for your cat and noticing that it looks far more interesting than your beans on toast supper!

Winning the pools. Throwing up your job and holidaying in the Bahamas. Stretching out languidly to dabble your fingers in the warm sea. Waking up with a shock! You'd been dreaming and had been happily dabbling your fingers in Mum's early morning cuppa.

THE HERD


GENE
PITNEY

POP MUSIC and ROMANCE

In love?
Try a serenade,
You might find you've got it made

by Tim Satchell

ALL through the ages music and romance have gone hand in hand. Long ago, the village maidens used to dance round the fluttering maypole and try and attract the attention of the local Beaus. In those days there was rollicking country music that bounced and swayed.

Later on, in the beautiful glass and marble palaces of Vienna you could hear the sound of the violins and piano playing the waltz. The swirling dresses would swish around the floor and the gallant young men would bow low to their beautiful partners. In those times life was easy and relaxed and so was the music. Even now the lilting melodies of the great waltzes linger on, no matter what type of music you like.

Then there was the music of passion. The tango with its stiff formal movements. In the days of the war there was the hot jive and the up-beat type jazz, that was the fore-runner of modern pop. Later still there was Rock 'n' Roll (and there are plans to revive it even further recently) and, of course, the Shake, Hully Gully and Frug. If you ask anybody if they have a favourite tune, they should say: Yes. Even if they don't, there will be some song that holds particular memories for them. Our parents have some songs, which might sound awful to us, that remind them of the "good old days".

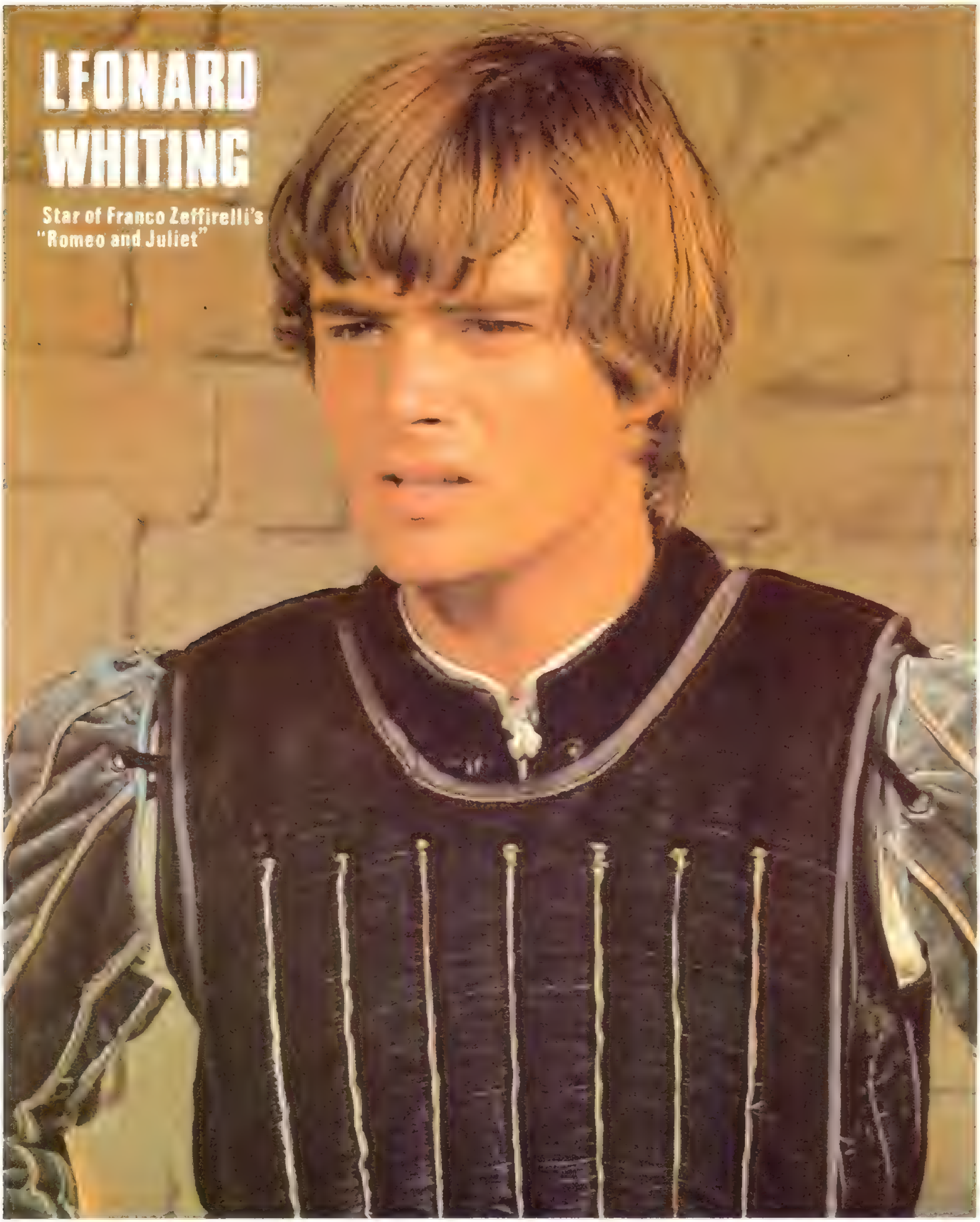
The doctors say that it's all to do with our heart-beats. When we are with someone we like, they say, our heart beats faster and stronger (I'll agree with that anyway!). Apparently this heavy beat makes us feel music more and if there's some music that the heart can beat in time with, then we'll probably associate that music with what happened then.

One of the girls in the office always goes into a funny mood whenever Brenda Lee is on the radio. "Well," she explains, "when I was about thirteen I fell madly in love with a boy in our street. He was very tall, with long black hair and sideboards! I thought he was perfect. I think that he fancied himself as a singer, 'cos wherever he went he used to sing all the old Brenda Lee songs, like: 'Let's Jump The Broomstick'. I used to hum these songs all the time. The funny thing was that I never actually spoke to him, it

was love at a distance, but he was so nice that whenever the songs come on the radio I feel all funny."
"Huh!" I reply, looking over my shoulder. "Pop music and romance don't mix. I once had this imitative thing about Paul McCartney, because people used to say that I looked like him. I even used to sing all the Beatle songs in a group and play the bass-guitar – left-handed, like Paul. I used to go out with this girl who I thought was fabulous, shoulder-length blonde hair, turned up nose and wide eyed; she had a really fantastic figure, too, that did all the right things in the right places.
"I thought that we were getting on really well, but she was always encouraging me to do the things that Paul McCartney did. Then one night as we were having a rather a long good-night kiss, she murmurs in my ear: 'I love you. I love you, Paul darling.' That was the end! I didn't see her again after that. I wanted her to want me as myself not a Paul McCartney substitute!"
I suppose it's quite easy to fall for a Pop star, as they seem to lead a glamorous life, with lots of money and not much work. In fact Pop singers often work much longer hours than ordinary people and often hardly make enough money to live on, but there is something romantic about them, all the same. Anyway it brings a bit of excitement into otherwise ordinary lives.

"We don't try and get girls to like us and not their boy-friends," says Paul Ryan." I suppose it might be something to do with the fact that Pop singers are slightly out of reach and also there might be a lot of people after them! It's a feeling of having some competition! I don't mind tho' – who would?"
"I think that Paul's right," says Barry, the other half of the singing Ryans." In fact there's competition between us to see who is the more popular! Actually that's not really true, as it's a bit difficult with us looking just about the same!"
"My hair's not the same as yours," interrupts Paul.
Do the Ryan twins associate any particular songs with any particular girls? "Lots and lots," grins Paul, "but that's a big secret!"
If you know any girl who's been on holiday to France or Italy, in the summer, then you'll know the funny, faraway dreamy look that comes into their eyes whenever they hear a French or Italian record. It conjures up pictures of sandy beaches, sun and gorgeous sun-tanned men – no wonder they look dreamy! But when a girl does that when she's with me I get really furious!
Actually, I suppose that I'm just as bad sometimes when I'm out with a girl and I hear something that has memories for me I can't help going all wistful and say: "Ah, those were the days!"

Ryan Twins *"I suppose it could be because pop singers are slightly out of reach."*


LEONARD
WHITING
Star of Franco Zeffirelli's
"Romeo and Juliet"

THE LATIN LOVER THING

SUE AND I WERE TALKING ABOUT WHICH BOYS WE LIKED BEST. 'IRISH,' SHE SAID. SOUTH AMERICAN, I DECIDED, JUST TO BE DIFFERENT

I'D NEVER MET A SOUTH AMERICAN IN MY LIFE, SO HADN'T A CLUE WHAT ONE LOOKED LIKE. BUT I WASN'T GOING TO TELL HER THAT

I LOOKED OVER THE CROP OF PEOPLE IN THE BUS AND DECIDED THAT THE DARK-HAIRED GOOD-LOOKER BESIDE ME SIMPLY MUST BE SOUTH AMERICAN

WELL HIS HAIR WAS BLACK, ANYWAY, AND THOSE INDIANS DOWN IN SOUTH AMERICA HAVE BLACK HAIR, DON'T THEY?

TOLD SUE SO, BUT SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME. 'BET HE'S AS ENGLISH AS BRIGHTON BEACH,' SHE SAID

NEVER! HE'S NOT ENGLISH AT ALL

AND I WAS DETERMINED TO PROVE HER WRONG

ALL RIGHT. THE ONLY WAY TO REALLY FIND OUT IS TO DATE HIM

AND I'LL BET YOU TWO POUNDS I'M RIGHT

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I INTEND TO DO

BET TAKEN

MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IT TO ME NOW

DON'T BE SO SURE...IT'S MORE THAN LIKELY **YOU** WHO SHOULD PAY ME NOW!

I STORMED OFF CROSSLY, THEN- WHAM! BUMPED RIGHT INTO MR SOUTH AMERICA HIMSELF

WE JUST STARED STUPIDLY AT EACH OTHER AT FIRST. MY HEART WAS POUNDING SO MADLY I FELT SURE HE COULD HEAR IT...

I AM SORRY. I WAS LOOKING FOR ZIS TOWN HALL, AND I BUMP... CLUNK!.. INTO YOU

OH, PLEASE DON'T WORRY. IT'S MY FAULT AS WELL

MY HEART SANG... THAT WAS NO BRIGHTON BEACH ACCENT! START SAVING, SUE, START SAVING

THIS IS WHERE I TURN OFF, BUT THE HALL IS JUST TWO MINUTES AWAY, STRAIGHT AHEAD

I DREAMT ABOUT HIM, OF COURSE. ALL DRESSED UP... IN HIS SOUTH AMERICAN GEAR, I SUPPOSE. I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT THEY WEAR THERE

TOLD SUE ABOUT HIM NEXT DAY. SHE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME, OF COURSE

WELL, HERE HE COMES NOW. YOU'LL SEE – I WAS RIGHT

I INTRODUCED THEM AND HIS SOUTH AMERICAN ACCENT SPILLED OUT THICKLY OVER EVERY WORD

SHE WAS ABSOLUTELY DAZED— WITH FURY, PERHAPS

SHE JUST STOOD THERE, GAPING

LIFE WAS SUDDENLY TOO WONDERFUL FOR WORDS. I SAW LAZLO EVERY DAY AND HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT HIS LIFE IN THE AMAZON JUNGLE AND THINGS. THEN ONE DAY WE WENT TO A DANCE...

SUE WAS THERE TOO, WITH ROGER FROM THE ACCOUNTS DEPARTMENT AT HER FIRM

THEY CAME OVER, THEN SUDDENLY ROGER TURNED DELIGHTEDLY TO LAZLO

HARRY, MATE, HOW ARE YOU? HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THE FIRST FORM AT BRICKLEBANK PRIMARY

HARRY, MATE? FIRST FORM, BRICKLEBANK PRIMARY?

YOU SNEAK. YOU SAID YOU WERE LAZLO FROM SOUTH AMERICA!

'WHOA! LET ME EXPLAIN,' HE SAID, LAPSING INTO A BRIGHTON BEACH ACCENT. BUT I WOULDN'T AND JUST BLEW MY TOP IN FRONT OF EVERY-ONE. COULDN'T HELP NOTICING THE SMUG EXPRESSION ON SUE'S FACE AS I FLOUNCED OFF IN A HUFF

HE FOLLOWED ME TO EXPLAIN

DARLING, I'M SO SORRY, BUT I'D BEEN PLUCKING UP COURAGE FOR AGES TO ASK YOU OUT WHEN I OVERHEARD YOUR CONVERSATION ON THE BUS, AND...

THE CHAT ABOUT LIKING SOUTH AMERICANS OF COURSE. AND HE'D CULTIVATED AN ACCENT AND A LONG LINE OF FAMILY HISTORY ALL FOR MY BENEFIT

OH, HOW SWEET! TO ME YOU'LL ALWAYS BE LAZLO, THOUGH

AND YOU'LL ALWAYS BE LAZLO'S SWEETHEART, SOUTH AMERICAN, OR ENGLISH!

OH, JIMMY! I OWE SUE TWO POUNDS. OH, WELL, START SAVING, GIRL, START SAVING

POPPING THE QUESTION

A quick showbiz quiz

1 They are Israelis. They live in a top floor flat overlooking part of a city in the Middle East. Their group name was inspired by this flat. Who are they? And which city?

2 The masculine accessories are **The Nashville Teens** of **Tobacco Road** fame. Who's wearing them? She used to be **Top of the Pops** girl.

3 Twiggy – model, business tycoon, also singer. What is the name of her one and only record, released in this country?

4 If quizzed about himself, this certain gentleman might well answer thus:

"Who am I? Well, I'm rather flattered. You see, a successful chart-bouncing record made by **Manfred Mann** was all about me, almost.

"And after an excellent body-building course, I think the adjective 'Mighty' in the title of the record, is most appropriate!"

5 See anything unusual about this picture of Sandie Shaw? She's wearing shoes, of course! What size are they?

6 What does **Tony Blackburn**, disc-jockey extraordinaire, have in common with **Gulliver** of **(Gulliver's Travels)**?

ANSWERS

1 The High Windows. Tel Aviv.
2 Samantha Juste
3 Beautiful Dreams (well, she's flimsy enough to be part of a dream, I suppose!)
4 Mike Quinn
5 Size 7 (English)
6 Lilliput. Tony, a doctor's son was born in a town of that name in Dorsetshire. And of course everyone knows about Gulliver and the Lilliputians!

TICKETS FOR TWO

I'D JUST STARTED WORK AS A FASHION ARTIST IN LONDON AND ENJOYED IT VERY MUCH. MY BOSS WAS A DRAG THOUGH— KEPT TELLING ME 'JUST BY CHANCE' HE HAD SPARE TICKETS FOR SHOWS, AND WOULD I LIKE TO GO?

OH, I'D LOVE TO SEE THAT, BUT CAN'T MANAGE IT ON THAT PARTICULAR DAY

I KNEW A PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU WOULD BE BOOKED UP SOCIALLY, BUT PERHAPS YOU'LL BE FREE ANOTHER TIME

I'M SURE I WILL. AND THANK YOU, ANYWAY

WELL, IT'S ALMOST FIVE O'CLOCK. I'LL GO NOW. SEE YOU TOMORROW. 'BYE

ROGER WAS ONE OF THOSE SUPER PEOPLE WHO'D ALWAYS TURN UP TRUMPS TO 'FILL IN' WHEN OUR SOCIAL LIFE WAS LOW. AND MINE WAS ROCK-BOTTOM. THOUGH I WOULDN'T ADMIT THAT TO MY BOSS!

THERE, IF I POST THAT NOW, HE SHOULD GET IT TOMORROW MORNING

UNINTENTIONALLY HE'D DONE ME A GREAT FAVOUR – TO REMIND ME THAT I DID WANT TO SEE THAT PARTICULAR

... SO IF YOU'LL MEET ME IN THE FOYER ON WEDNESDAY, I'LL BE THERE WITH THE TICKETS

TRUST IT TO BE FRANTICALLY BUSY ON THE DAY. I WAS SO LATE I HAD TO HAVE A TAXI

COVENT GARDEN, PLEASE. THINK YOU CAN MANAGE IT IN TEN MINUTES?

WE MADE IT WITH FIVE MINUTES TO SPARE

OH, NO! WHAT A QUEUE. IT WILL TAKE ME AGES TO GET TO THE FRONT

IT DID, TOO. AND THEN...

SORRY, MADAM. NO MORE TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE

BUT HOW CAN THAT BE? I BOOKED THEM!

I HAD BOOKED— BUT FOR THE NIGHT BEFORE. I'D MUDDLED THE DATES!

OH, POOR, POOR ROGER. HE'D PROBABLY WAITED HERE FOR HOURS AND HOURS

SUDDENLY SOMEONE TOUCHED ME GENTLY ON THE ARM

ER.. EXCUSE ME. I COULDN'T HELP OVER— HEARING YOUR CONVERSATION WITH THE COMMISSIONAIRE

YES, IT'S ALL RATHER SAD, ACTUALLY

HE WAS VERY DIFFIDENT AND STUTTERED WITH SHYNESS, BUT FINALLY GOT THE MESSAGE OVER

YOU SEE, MY GIRL HAS JUST WALKED OUT IN A HUFF, SO I'VE A SPARE TICKET. WOULD YOU LIKE TO USE IT ?

WE-E-LL... I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO DO JUST YET

NOT ANOTHER OF THOSE 'SPARE TICKET' TYPES. I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO COPE

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING, BUT IT'S ALL VERY TRUE. PLEASE HAVE IT

YES, I WILL. THANK YOU VERY MUCH

NUMBERS 29 AND 30 IN ROW 'H', PLEASE

CERTAINLY. THIS WAY, SIR

THE SHOW WAS MARVELLOUS AND DAVID WAS A GENTLEMAN THROUGHOUT

I WONDER WHAT HE DID TO ANNOY HIS GIRL— FRIEND. HE SEEMED SO NICE

THE AUDIENCE WERE WILD ABOUT THE SHOW, AND THE STAR HAD TO MAKE ABOUT SIX CURTAIN CALLS

ENCORE! ENCORE!

DAVID ENJOYED IT, TOO, THOUGH HE DID SEEM TO BE RATHER PREOCCUPIED

WORRIED ABOUT HIS BUST UP, I SUPPOSE

WE WENT FOR A CUP OF COFFEE AFTER THE SHOW

WOULD YOU LIKE ANYTHING ELSE? A WIMPY OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

NO, THANKS. COFFEE WILL DO

WE CHATTED QUITE EASILY ABOUT EVERYTHING. EVEN HIS GIRLFRIEND

OH, LIZ HAD THIS FIERY ITALIAN TEMPERAMENT AND WE WERE ALWAYS ROWING ABOUT SOMETHING

WE WERE STILL BUSY CHATTING AS WE WALKED OUT SO I DIDN'T SEE THIS MAN UNTIL...

CAREFUL, LINDA. LOOK OUT!

WHOOPS!

EVERYTHING MANAGED TO SCATTER EVERYWHERE

OH DEAR. OH DEAR

HERE LET ME HELP YOU

I NOTICED HE STARED HARD AT AN ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO ME. I STILL HADN'T INTRODUCED MYSELF YOU SEE

Miss Linda Broadhurst 8 York Close London SW.8

LINDA... THAT'S A PRETTY NAME. LIKE ITS OWNER

MY MOTHER OWNED IT TOO

VERY SHYLY HE LOOKED UP AND SAID...

THEN DIDN'T SAY ANOTHER THING FOR AT LEAST TEN MINUTES...

I'M SURE LIZ DID MOST OF THE ROWING. HE'S TOO GENTLE AND QUIET

WELL, I SUPPOSE WE HAD BETTER FIND A TAXI

WE WANDERED ROUND PAST THE FRONT OF THE THEATRE AND ADMIRED VARIOUS BITS OF ARCHITECTURE

I LOVE THIS PLACE SO MUCH. AND MANAGE TO DISCOVER SOMETHING NEW ABOUT IT EACH TIME I COME HERE

MMM! THAT IS FASCINATING, AND I'VE NEVER REALLY NOTICED IT BEFORE— EVER!

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS WHEN EVERY ONE OF THE TWO HUNDRED MILLION TAXIS IN LONDON HAD FARES

BRRR! IT'S QUITE COLD. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

JUST ABOUT. MY TOES ARE SLIGHTLY FROZEN

WOULD YOU LIKE TO THAW OUT WITH ANOTHER COFFEE? OR MILK? WITH LUCK A TAXI MIGHT BE FREE AFTER THAT

MARVELLOUS IDEA

WE SEEMED TO HAVE WALKED FOR HOURS SO I WELCOMED HIS NEXT SUGGESTION

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LOOK ROUND FOR A DECENT PLACE OR DIVE INTO THE NEAREST CAFF?

OH, THE NEAREST ONE PLEASE. OTHERWISE I'LL NEVER SURVIVE THE COLD

OVER THE SECOND DRINK THAT NIGHT HE FINALLY GOT AROUND TO ASKING ME OUT. SINCE I FANCIED HIM, AND SINCE HIS GIRLFRIEND HAD WALKED OUT ON HIM, I SAID 'YES' LIKE A SHOT

OH, THAT'S MARVELLOUS. I WAS TERRIFIED TO ASK EARLIER. I THOUGHT YOU'D BE OFFENDED. I THOUGHT YOU'D FEEL I WAS BEING RATHER SHARP!

THEN I REMEMBERED I REALLY HAD MY BOSS TO THANK FOR THIS MEETING, SO TOLD DAVID ABOUT IT

I THINK IT'S RATHER FUNNY. I MEAN, HAD HE NOT MENTIONED IT I WOULD NEVER HAVE MET YOU

AND IF LIZ HADN'T WALKED OUT ON ME, I'D NEVER HAVE MET YOU

SO WE DRANK OUR THANKS IN HOT MILK TO TWO ABSENT PEOPLE

TO MY UNSUSPECTING, HELPFUL BOSS

TO HOT-HEADED, HELPFUL, LIZ

Don't read between the lines, Darling

By BETTY ANN WILLIS

"DON'T read between the lines Darling . . ." Why did I put that? Why hadn't I just written what was plain and true in my letter . . . that awful 'Dear Davey' thing I'd been trying to compose the whole of the evening?

Why say 'Darling' when Davey wasn't that to me any more and why put all that "I don't like hurting you business". If I didn't like it, why was I doing it?

How do you write and tell the boy you've been going steady with for five months that you want to end it? How do you explain that loving him has changed . . . that it isn't an exciting, warm, looking-forward-to thing any more . . . and . . . you've met someone else?

Why can't I write just that?

Because I can't . . . that's why! It would be unkind and horrible to thrust it at him coldly . . . so unfeeling.

I did honestly try to make myself tell him when we met last night, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. It was too difficult. Writing is a coward's way I suppose but it's easier than seeing the hurt in his eyes.

THE KIND LOT ARE THE CRUELLEST LOT OF ALL

It's been on my mind for days now, ever since Davey introduced me to his mate Simon, and my heart started doing strange things. I knew then that if another boy could do that to me, I couldn't still be in love with Davey. Davey didn't have that effect on me any more. I guess things were fading out between us . . . for me anyway. But it seemed the hardest thing in the world to tell him. The scene hasn't faded so much that I don't care what I'd be doing to him.

That's why the bed's littered with wasted pages of unfinished letters. It's getting the wording right that's so difficult . . . telling him the truth without being hard and heartless . . . being gentle yet leaving no doubt.

"Don't read between the lines, Darling". I mean, he might. He might think I couldn't possibly mean it and go on hoping. That way he'd suffer more. He just MUST NOT read into my letter anything more than I intended to convey.

THE END. If only you could turn off love with the sharp snap of a finger on a switch. Someone always had to get hurt.

If Davey had cottoned on. If he had seen how things were going and slid gracefully out, it would have been easier for both of us . . . for me? But I'm all right, aren't I, after all it's me who's calling the tune? Please release me Davey . . . I don't love you any more . . .

He'll be happy before he opens this rotten letter, then the smile will fade from his lips and he'll feel . . . Oh! Shut up SELF! It's got to be done. I've either got to say it or write it, for it's all getting in the way of Simon. It's Simon who brings the colour rushing to my cheeks. Simon who sets my heart racing . . . Simon I'm looking for all the time . . .

"Dear Davey . . ." It doesn't look right, not after so many "Darling Daveys". Can't put that, but if I write Darling, he'll think . . . he'll hope. I CAN'T put Darling . . . I can't . . . I can't . . . and I can't tell him.

Perhaps I can get the message through to him some other way . . . ease up on dates, not pretend any more when we're kissing, break down our affair gently, gently, so we drift painlessly apart. Can I stand the strain? Will Simon understand.

It was lovely being out with Simon tonight, except I kept thinking of Davey, wishing I wasn't cheating and two-timing him. He was there all the time hovering in my conscience. It can't go on can it? He'll come between me and Simon and I couldn't bear that.

Oh, it's all horrible and there's no easy way out. This way all three of us are in a mess and someone's got to cry. Wish it didn't HAVE to be Davey. He's too nice. If he hadn't been, it could all have ended with a flaming row.

Actually we never quarrelled . . . not once. Perhaps we got along too well . . . I don't know . . . and THIS letter doesn't sound right either!

Oh, Davey . . . Davey Darling, I wish there was some way of getting the message to you quietly and without hurt. You WILL always think the best of everyone. You MUST have noticed the way Si and I clicked, but YOU wouldn't pinch a mate's girl and you wouldn't expect anybody else to. YOU wouldn't run out on ME, so how am I going to make you understand?

Dear Davey . . . Darling Davey . . . Davey Dear . . . What are you to me now anyway? If you really were dear to me I wouldn't be throwing you over, and darling, is for sweethearts. If I can't even begin the letter, how am I going to end it? Love Diane? Yours regretfully? Yours sadly? or just . . . Sorry?

It's no good . . . I can't send anything I've written so far. Will he hate Si and me when he finds out? He'll be losing a girl-friend AND a mate. Will he be bitter and angry?

S'pose I'd never met Simon, would I have gone on happily with Davey . . . stayed being HIS girl?

The eternal triangle they call it don't they? All three people in love, but one . . . not loved.

Darling Davey I wish you weren't the odd one out . . . Si and me both wish . . .

I'll put this load of rubbish on the boiler. I've wasted a whole pad of paper . . . words . . . words . . . words!

Perhaps tomorrow it'll seem clearer. I'm seeing Davey in the evening anyway and the last post has gone out ages ago. I'm cold and achey from crouching up here on the floor by my bed. I'll go down . . . feel better if I talk to mum a while . . . If I ask her . . . But she likes Davey a lot . . . she's bound to blame Simon. Will they ever believe we couldn't help it?

So I'm going downstairs . . .

But there's a letter on the doormat . . . For me?

It's Davey's handwriting and I feel sick guilty inside. More than once when he's stayed on late at work to do overtime, he's pushed a little love-note through the door on his way home.

My fingers are shaking. To think that while he has been writing happy tender words to me . . . I have been . . .

I read. . . .

"Darling Diane,

For you are and probably for a long time to come will still be that to me.

I must write because this is the best way, to tell you that I know about you and Si. I didn't stay on for overtime tonight . . . just mooched around the town and I saw you together. It sort of clinched things. I've guessed for some time, but I s'pose I've been hoping.

I won't bore you with the sob stuff. It's over. It was pretty wonderful while it lasted.

Goodbye. David."

I read it again and again, and idiot . . . it's ME who's crying. That's funny that is! Perhaps Davey never shed a tear. I'm crying . . . feeling sad not glad it's all over. I've got what I wanted . . . my freedom to love Simon . . . but five months is a long time.

I should be feeling greatly relieved . . . happy. Now I can go to Simon, be HIS girl properly and opening . . . I shan't have to cheat any more.

Instead I'm licking away salty tears from my lips and rereading that note. Darling Davey it's over . . . too late now to wonder if it's really what I wanted and it's no good trying to read anything between the lines . . . .

Perhaps when once you've loved somebody a part of you always belongs . . . I don't know.

Tomorrow I shall go to Simon, but tonight . . . tonight Davey I shall sleep with your letter in my hand.

A BOY FOR THE FUTURE

But her heart murmured "not just yet"

by Elizabeth Vanider-Hill

NUALA stood at the rail of the boat watching the distant hills coming gradually nearer. A splash of spray from an adventurous wave made her cheeks tingle. In half an hour, she thought, I'll be there, the year of waiting will be over. Behind her on a bench her father and mother were chatting happily with the Spences who were joining them this year for the annual holiday. She could hear their laughter, gay with anticipation. To them, the holiday meant good food cooked by someone else, naps stolen after lunch under the guise of sunbathing, afternoon teas that they didn't really need, and quiet walks in the evenings, culminating in a drink at the Hotel up the hill from the pier. Nuala smiled with fond tolerance. To her, the holiday meant only one thing. She was going to see Johnny, and this year, her hand gripped the rail, Johnny was going to see her.

"Penny for them darling?" her father spoke beside her. She turned to him with a smile.

He studied her with barely concealed admiration. It hardly seemed possible that this tall good-looking girl could be his little Nuala. Every time he looked at her he marvelled. Only seventeen and yet she had the poise of a woman of twenty-five. The youngsters came on in leaps and bounds these days, he thought, a little ruefully. Last year she had seemed such a child, but then, she was seventeen now and through with school. A year could make a big difference at her age.

"They aren't for sale," Nuala said. Last year I was only sixteen, she mused, no wonder Johnny hardly noticed me. She thought of Johnny as she had last seen him, tall and fair, his skin bronzed by the sun, his blue eyes alight with impudent laughter. She had fallen in love with him at once, the moment she had seen him, but he had been too interested in Lisa to notice her.

Lisa Collins had been staying at the boarding house with her widowed mother. Nuala had thought her the most exciting girl she had ever seen. She wore her auburn hair in a fringe at the front, and the short shorts which she wore emphasized the shape of her legs. She was well developed, like Marilyn Munroe, Nuala thought admiringly, and her voice was low and husky. Nuala had never met anyone like her and when Lisa deliberately sought her friendship she was flattered, although she sensed that her mother and father did not altogether approve.

"I've met a boy," she whispered to Nuala one evening at tea, "he's absolutely super, I'm going out with him tonight."

"How gorgeous," Nuala said in envy, adding generously, "I hope you have a good time."

Lisa laughed. She lowered her voice. "He's bringing a boy for you."

"For me!" Nuala could hardly believe her ears, "but I've never been out with a boy before."

"Then it's high time you started," Lisa said, I've been out with dozens."

"I don't know if mum and dad," Nuala began.

"I'll fix it," Lisa assured her, "leave it to me."

After tea she followed Nuala's father into the lounge, her long legs swinging.

"It's okay," she said when she came back, "Your dad's a sport." She grinned. "I told him we were going to look for bait for tomorrow's fishing."

"I feel guilty," Nuala admitted as they set off, "I've never deceived my parents before."

Lisa glanced at her thoughtfully. "Cheer up, we can look for bait with the boys if that will make you feel better."

"What's your date like?" Nuala asked.

"Tall and fair, utterly gorgeous," Lisa enthused, "he lives here, he's the Blacksmith's son. He works with his father."

As the girls approached the pier, Lisa said excitedly, "there's Johnny."

The fair haired boy leaning against the sea wall came forward slowly, his eyes taking them both in in a swift glance.

"This is Nuala," Lisa introduced them.

"Harry couldn't come," Johnny said at once, "his dad's laid up, and he has to drive the bus round the island."

Nuala saw swift consternation appear on Lisa's face.

"Don't worry about me," she said quickly, I'd just as soon go back, honestly I would." She started to move away but Lisa stopped her.

"Please don't go." She looked embarrassed. "I told mum I was going out with you, she'll think it queer if you go back alone."

"Let's go up the pier," the boy Johnny suggested. He produced a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and proferred it.

"No thanks," Nuala said, "I don't smoke."

Johnny raised an eyebrow. He lit two and handed one to Lisa. "I suppose you teach at Sunday School too," he said with a grin.

"Yes I do," Nuala answered. She flushed as the other two burst out laughing.

"I like it," she said defiantly.

"Good for you," Johnny said easily, he put an arm round both their shoulders and guided them up the pier. When they reached the end of the pier, Johnny looked sideways at Lisa.

"How would you like to come under the pier?" he asked, "just for a bit of a lark."

"Under the pier!" Nuala echoed.

"Sure, it's easy, you just lift this plank." He bent down, and with a swift movement tugged on one of the planks. It moved under his grasp. He pulled it up triumphantly. They peered through the hole he had made. Underneath, a twisted maze of broad beams supported the pier, the sea, dark green and oily, lapped futilely against their implacable strength.

Nuala shuddered.

"Come on," Johnny said. He lowered himself through the hole.

Lisa hesitated for a second only, then, with a giggle, she allowed herself to be lifted down on to one of the broad planks.

Nuala backed away from the hole. "I'll wait up here," she said hastily.

"Have it your own way, kiddo." Johnny and Lisa disappeared from view.

Nuala walked over to the bollard and sat down. She glanced at her wrist watch. It was eight o'clock. She hoped Lisa and Johnny wouldn't be too long. She could still hear Johnny's voice, gently mocking, see his raised eyebrows. He probably thinks I'm a drip, she thought dismally. The thought hurt.

By nine o'clock there was still no sign of them. Nuala rose and walked over to the hole. She knelt down and listened for voices. The silence frightened her. What if they had fallen in. "Lisa," she called, "Lisa."

Almost at once she heard the sound of muted laughter. Johnny edged his head through the hole.

"What's the panic?" he asked, grinning.

"It's nine oclock," Nuala said. Suddenly she felt foolish. She wished she hadn't called.

Johnny heaved himself through the hole. He knelt down and pulled Lisa through. Her hair was tumbled and her eyes were very bright.

"Was it exciting down there?" Nuala asked.

"I thought so," Johnny said. He put his hand under Nuala's chin and lifted her face to his. "How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Sixteen," she answered.

"Sixteen and never been kissed." He leant forward and lightly touched her lips with his own while she stood immobile. He drew back and laughed at her dazed expression. "You can't say that now."

He turned away from her and looked at Lisa. They exchanged a subtle secret smile, and suddenly Nuala felt like crying.

"I suppose we had better collect some bait," Lisa said casually, in her husky voice, "after all, that's what we came out for."

That night Nuala lay awake for a long time. I won't always be sixteen, she thought, just before she fell asleep, some day he'll look at me the way he looked at Lisa tonight. She fell asleep and dreamt that she was a bride, drifting down the aisle on Johnny's arm, a tin of bait in her hand.

"We're coming in," her father said.

Nuala looked up. The boat was approaching the pier. She could see the figures of the holiday-makers, gay in shorts and brightly coloured tops. "We're here," she thought exultantly, "we're here."

She walked over with her father to where the Spences stood waiting with her mother. Mr. Spence winked at her.

"All set to break the boys' hearts eh, Nuala?"

Mrs. Spence laughed her twinkly laugh. "Now Bob, don't tease."

"I hope you will like the island," Nuala's mother said, "we love it so much that we tend to exaggerate the good points and forget about the bad."

"I'm sure we'll have a lovely time," Mr. Spence assured her, "Netta and I enjoy quiet holidays."

Nuala strained her eyes towards the pier. She caught a glimpse of a blond head, and her heart turned over. He can't be on the pier just now, she thought, he'll be busy in the Smithy, but nevertheless she tried to follow the blond head with her eyes as her father produced the tickets and ushered them all down the gangplank.

It's him, she thought excitedly, I'd know him anywhere, the same tanned face, the tall loose-limbed figure.

"What a lovely spot," Mrs. Spence said enthusiastically, as they waited for Nuala's father to find a taxi. The taxi arrived and they piled in. In ten minutes they had reached the boarding house. Mrs. Ellis hurried out to receive them.

"I've put you in the lilac room," she said, smiling at Nuala, "the one Lisa had last year."

She led them up the stairs. A delicious smell of roast beef cooking drifted up after them.

"Will Lisa be here this year?" Nuala asked casually.

Mrs. Ellis paused for breath. "No dear, she's going abroad with her mother." She pushed open the door of the lilac room. "There are two nice young ladies here though who will be company for you, both at Dough School. I heard them say they are going to the Dance tonight, and I'm sure they would like to have you join them."

Nuala looked eagerly at her mother.

"That sounds nice, dear." Her mother drew Mrs. Spence into her bedroom to compare notes, and Nuala went into her own room and closed the door. She opened her case and drew out her favourite summer dress, the white one with the low square neck and the short wide skirt. She held it against her. It was a perfect foil for her long dark hair. Her oval face with the large dark eyes and sensitive full mouth stared back at her from the mirror.

I think he'll like me, Nuala said to herself. Her mouth trembled with sudden laughter. "I love me, who do you love," she said aloud.

The luncheon gong sounded below. Nuala hung the white dress in the wardrobe and ran downstairs. The two girls already seated at the table smiled as she came in.

"I'm Mary, this is Sue," said the one with the red hair.

Nuala introduced herself. "I'm glad you two are here," she said shyly.

"We're going to the Dance tonight, would you care to come along?" Sue offered.

"I'd love to," Nuala answered, what are you two wearing?"

They plunged into a discussion on dresses which lasted till the other guests appeared.

"Have a good time girls," Mr. Spence said jovially, when, dressed and powdered, the girls stood in the porch ready to set off, "don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"Really Bob," Mrs. Spence protested, "the girls can take care of themselves."

Nuala dropped a light kiss on her mother's cheek and gave her father a hug. "I won't be too late," she promised.

They picked their way carefully down the lane, the pebbles hard under their thin sandals.

"Phew what a crowd," Sue gasped, as they entered the village hall which served as theatre, dance hall and cinema.

"No lack of males anyway." Mary looked around appreciatively.

Nuala felt the palms of her hands grow moist. Now that the time had come, now that the possibility of coming face to face with Johnny was so nearly reality, she was filled with panic.

"Would you care to dance," a voice said suddenly. She lifted her eyes and looked into smiling blue ones.

"It's you," she said stupidly.

He guided her on to the floor. He was dressed in a white pullover and grey slacks. His fair hair was brushed back from his forehead in a deep wave. He's even more handsome than before Nuala thought in a daze. He danced well, holding her lightly but firmly. It seemed incredible that he should have come to her so quickly, with so little effort on her part. She sought in her mind for something to say, something that would catch his interest, keep him with her. She marvelled that he had remembered her so quickly, then a cold finger of doubt touched her. Could it be that she had changed so little. Did he still see her as gauche and immature. She stiffened a little in his arms and he grinned down at her.

"Do you like my hair long?" she asked. The words were out before she could stop them.

For a moment he looked puzzled then he answered. "I do like girls with long hair."

"Girls!" She looked unseeingly over the heads of the crowd dancing round them.

"It's lovely, your hair," he said hastily, "you look very pretty in that dress."

"I've looked forward to this holiday ever since last year," she said shyly, "I've thought of nothing else."

"It's a beautiful place," he said, "It get's under your skin."

"It must be wonderful to live here all the time," she went on, "I would love it." She blushed at the implication of her words.

He studied her thoughtfully. "I like it tremendously," he answered, "but I don't think I could stay here for ever. Far away places have an appeal for me."

Her heart sank. The dream she had cherished of living with him in a white cottage, welcoming him home from the Smithy, making his porridge on winter mornings, faded abruptly. Maybe he's the type who'll never settle down, she thought dismally.

The dance finished. She turned to leave the floor but he caught her arm.

"Would you like to sit down," he asked.

A flood of happiness swept over her. She nodded.

He led her to a bench in front of the band. "I suppose we had better introduce ourselves," he said, "I'm John Martin."

Nuala stared at him. He didn't remember her. It was pure coincidence that he had asked her to dance. Fate, she thought happily.

She told him her name.

"I like that," he said, "It's unusual."

"What do you do for a living?" he asked.

"I'm going to University to study languages," she answered, watching his face.

"You'll enjoy that," he said lightly, "all the student dances etc."

"Oh no," she said hastily, "I'm not interested in students, they are so immature somehow, I admire people who do constructive jobs, people who work with their hands," she finished, her face hot.

"But you will be a student," he persisted.

"I know." She looked away from him. "I'm only going to please mum and dad. I don't really want to be a career girl."

"That's a pleasant change," he said smiling, "so many girls nowadays think of nothing but their careers."

He's laughing at me, she thought dismally, he's been laughing at me all along. Sudden anger came to her, born of disappointment at making a fool of herself.

"I came with two friends," she said stiffly, "I think I had better look for them."

He stood in front of her quickly, barring her way.

"Don't be angry, I didn't mean to laugh at you."

She sat down. "Tell me about your work," she said, for something to say.

He looked down. "Not much to tell really, it's all right, I suppose, but who wants to talk about work. I'd rather talk about what we are going to do tomorrow, that is, if you will come out with me."

She glowed with pleasure. "I'd like that."

On their way back to the dance floor they met the girls with two boys, the dark haired boy with the glasses and another shorter boy with rather nice eyes.

"We're going for something to drink," Mary said gaily, "see you."

The Dance was due to finish at twelve. At eleven Johnny said softly, "if we leave now we could take our time going back, it's a lovely night for a stroll."

"I'll tell the girls I'm going," Nuala answered. She fetched her coat and sought out the girls.

"Leave the door on the latch for us," Sue said. "Remember Mr. Spence's advice," Mary added. They all laughed.

Johnny was waiting for her at the door. The night was still and beautiful, the air peculiarly sweet. The peace of it held Nuala silent and awed. Hand in hand they walked along, the moonlight pointing their way.

When they arrived at the lane leading to the boarding house, Johnny drew Nuala into the shadow of the trees.

"It's been a wonderful evening," he said softly, "I'm looking forward to tomorrow." He moved forward and took her in his arms. For a moment he held her, while she waited in breathless expectancy then gently he touched her forehead with his lips. "See you tomorrow," he said quietly, and was gone.

"Well girls, how did it go?" Mr. Spence asked at breakfast.

"Great," said the girls in chorus.

"We've all got dates today," Susan added.

Nuala felt her father's gaze on her. "Who's the young man darling?"

"His name's Johnny," she answered, "he's very nice."

How inadequate, she thought, he's wonderful, marvellous, the most handsome boy in the world.

"Are you all going out together?" Nuala's mother asked.

"We're making up a four," Mary put in, "but Nuala's going to the West Bay with her beau."

Nuala could almost feel her parents relax. West Bay was sure to be crowded with holidaymakers. No harm could come to her there.

"Johnny asked me to go fishing with him tonight," she said, taking advantage of the moment.

Her father smiled. "Might do a bit of fishing myself this year eh, Hugh?"

When she got to West Bay there was no sign of Johnny. She walked along beside the sea wall, her eagerness chilled. He must come, she thought desperately, I'll die if he doesn't come.

"Hullo there!" Nuala jumped in surprise. Johnny was suddenly beside her, leaning on the sea wall, his brown shoulders covered in sand.

"I've been sunbathing," he explained. He reached out and lifted her easily over the wall. He lifted his towel and shook it.

"Come and sit down."

Nuala sat on the towel. Johnny produced a bar of chocolate and handed it to her. She broke it in two and gave him half back.

"It's for you," he protested. He lifted some sand and poured it over her legs. "Your parents, what are they like?" he asked.

"Terrific," Nuala rolled over on to her face on the towel. "Mum's very pretty and dad is so easy to talk to."

"Maybe I'll meet them one of these days," Johnny said casually. He laid his arm across her shoulders. "We had better get going if we intend collecting bait for tonight."

Nuala scrambled to her feet and they made their way to the rocks, stepping over the little rivulets made by the sea. The afternoon sped by, golden and enchanted.

"I'll pick you up at seven," Johnny said, when tired and happy they trudged up the hill to Mrs. Ellis's house.

At seven he appeared again, clad in a huge jersey, and said "Wise girl," as he glanced at her warm clothes.

They walked along to the jetty and Johnny went into the boatman's hut to ask for a boat.

Nuala walked slowly down the jetty, aware of a warm sense of contentment and well-being. I feel as if I've known him all my life, she thought, as if we belong together.

"Well well," said a voice behind her, "if it isn't the Sunday School Teacher."

For a moment Nuala stood quite still, then slowly she turned.

Facing her was a tall, blond, broad-shouldered man wearing a pair of dirty slacks and a garish shirt. His rather thick lips were smiling, his hair was thick with oil. For a moment she stared at him, not comprehending, then as his eyes, bold and suggestive, looked her up and down, she said in disbelief,

"It can't be."

"Johnny," said the man, "you met me last year. You were with Lisa Collins." He grinned at her. "I must say a year's made a difference to you, seventeen now eh?"

Nuala backed away. I must be dreaming, she thought in horror, this can't be Johnny, this coarse, oily man. She forced herself to speak.

"I remember now," she said indistinctly, "you went under the pier."

"That's right," he stepped closer, "maybe you would like to come under the pier this year, you're a big girl now."

"Ready Nuala?" Nuala turned. Johnny, the other Johnny, her Johnny stood there. Relief swept over her.

"Ready," she said gratefully. She put out her hand and he gripped it in his. "Excuse us," he said, "our boat's waiting."

"Sure". The man said easily. "See you."

Nuala climbed into the boat and Johnny cast off. She sat back and stared at him.

"Johnny," she said quietly "where do you come from?"

He looked surprised. "Glasgow of course, I thought you knew."

"What do you do for a living?" she went on.

He coloured. "I'm a student, I hope you don't mind too much. I'm studying to be a Geologist." He leant forward eagerly. "It will be a wonderful life, different and interesting, always something new to see. You would like it."

I would like it, Nuala thought, if you were there. She lay back in the boat. She knew suddenly that this Johnny wouldn't change. He would always be the same. When she went to University in Autumn he would be there and they would share so many good things together.

Of course there could be nothing really serious between them, not yet, after all she was still quite young, and he wasn't even through, but anything could happen in time. She gave a little sigh of contentment. Next year, she thought, pleased, next year she would be eighteen.

AND SO TO SCHOOL AND LOVE

IT WAS AWFUL HAVING TO TELL MY DAD THAT I'D FAILED MY MATHS EXAM AGAIN. HE WANTED ME TO BE HIS BOOK-KEEPER AT THE FACTORY.

DAD, I'M SORRY, BUT...

I'M VERY DISAPPOINTED, IRENE.

IT'S NO GOOD BLAMING THE PROFESSOR FOR YOUR FAILURE. IT'S NOT TRUE THAT HE DOESN'T LIKE YOU.

YOU'RE JUST A DREAMER LIKE YOUR MOTHER.

DAD SEEMED DETERMINED THAT I SHOULD PASS THE EXAM. HE SAID HE NEEDED SOMEONE TRUSTWORTHY AND THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE BUT ME.

I'LL TRY AGAIN BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

AND I COULDN'T HELP LETTING MY THOUGHTS WANDER WHEN I SAW THE BIRDS AND FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN...

I FELT SUCH AN IDIOT ONE MORNING WHEN PETER BROWN, THE PROFESSOR'S ASSISTANT, ASKED ME TO EXPLAIN A FORMULA. I'D BEEN SITTING THERE DREAMING ABOUT HIM...

HE DRAGGED ME OUT IN FRONT OF THE CLASS AND TRIED TO PROMPT ME TO EXPLAIN IT ALL. I WAS A HOPELESS CASE THOUGH...

AND THEN HE ASKED ME TO STAY BEHIND AFTER LESSONS...

COME TO THE STAFF ROOM AFTERWARDS. I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU.

I STOOD THERE FEELING AN INCH HIGH. EVERY TIME I LOOKED AT HIM I WENT ALL DREAMY...

I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, IRENE.

WHAT, MR BROWN?

ALL YOU NEED IS SOME EXTRA, PRIVATE COACHING.

DO YOU THINK SO, MR BROWN?

THEN I SAW MY OPPORTUNITY TO GET TO KNOW HIM BETTER...

THEN **YOU** CAN COME AND GIVE IT, THEN.

I COULD NEVER GIVE A GIRL LIKE YOU PRIVATE COACHING.

WHY NOT, MR BROWN?

YOU SPEND ALL YOUR TIME DREAMING ABOUT PICKING FLOWERS AND WATCHING BIRDS FLY.

I ASKED HIM HOW HE KNEW ABOUT THAT...

I'VE SEEN YOUR NOTEBOOKS FULL OF POEMS.

YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMEONE STRICTER THAN ME, IRENE.

HE DIDN'T REALISE THAT ALL THE POEMS IN THE NOTEBOOK WERE WRITTEN FOR HIM.

GOODNIGHT, IRENE, TRY AND ARRANGE SOMETHING.

GOODNIGHT, MR BROWN.

I FELT AWFUL AS I LEFT THE COLLEGE. I CARED ABOUT PETER SO MUCH AND HE TREATED ME LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL.

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO TO MAKE HIM SEE I'M A GIRL NOT A COMPUTER.

THEN I DECIDED TO GET DAD TO ASK THE PROFESSOR FOR PRIVATE LESSONS. I KNEW PETER WOULD HAVE TO COME ALONG THEN...

WHAT A GOOD IDEA, IRENE.

I'M VERY GLAD TO KNOW THAT FINALLY YOU'RE SETTLING DOWN TO WORK.

LITTLE DID HE KNOW MY INTENTIONS.

PETER LOOKED VERY ANGRY AND SURPRISED WHEN HE SAW IT WAS ME HE'D COME TO COACH...

GOOD EVENING, IRENE.

WE BOTH STOOD AWKWARDLY IN THE SUMMER HOUSE WHICH I HAD PREPARED FOR THE LESSON...

I COULDN'T THINK WHAT ELSE TO DO, SO I PLACED A SOFT, ROMANTIC NUMBER ON THE RECORD PLAYER...

TOMORROW I SHALL SEND SOMEONE TO REPLACE ME.

I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS. MY FATHER ARRANGED IT.

I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D REACT SO VIOLENTLY.

BUT ALREADY THE SOFT MUSIC WAS GOING TO MY HEAD...

AND THEN HE STARTED THE LESSON AND I COULDN'T EVEN LOOK INTO HIS FACE WITHOUT FEELING OVERWHELMED...

NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, IRENE? IT'S QUITE EASY IF YOU CONCENTRATE.

I'M SORRY, MR BROWN ALL I CAN UNDERSTAND IS THAT IT'S SPRING AND THE ROSES SMELL LOVELY.

AND SUDDENLY HIS FACE CHANGED COMPLETELY.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THIS BUT EVER SINCE I SAW YOU IN CLASS THE FIRST DAY...

YES, MR BROWN?

...I'VE LOVED YOU.

OH, MR BROWN!

I TOOK HIM IN TO MEET MY PARENTS. THEY SEEMED TO SENSE WHAT HAD BEEN GOING ON IMMEDIATELY...

DON'T YOU REMEMBER, BETTY, THAT'S WHERE I FIRST COURTED YOU, IN THE SUMMER HOUSE?

DAD WAS QUITE HAPPY AFTER THAT. I ASSURED HIM THAT I'D STUDY REALLY HARD AS LONG AS PETER HELPED ME...

YOU'RE THE BEST TEACHER IN THE WORLD, MR BROWN.

I THINK IT'S TIME YOU CALLED ME SOMETHING OTHER THAN MR BROWN, DARLING.

BACK TO THE BRIDEGROOM

Once you wear that wonderful white dress, what on earth would make you change your mind?

AS DEBBY PUT AWAY THE BEAUTIFUL SATIN GOWN SHE WAS TO HAVE BEEN MARRIED IN, HER AUNTS TRIED TO REASON WITH HER
REALLY, DEBBY, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS AT ALL. I THOUGHT YOU LOVED THE BOY

THEY WERE BOTH VERY SYMPATHETIC AND SAID ALL SHE NEEDED WAS A GOOD REST. THE FOLLOWING DAY SHE DROVE OFF WITH THEM TO THEIR HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

BUT THE TWO AUNTS SOON REALISED THAT DEBBY WAS STILL VERY DEPRESSED
WHY DON'T YOU GO FOR A NICE, LONG WALK
I'D RATHER STAY HERE, THANKS

DEBBY BEGAN TO TELL THEM WHAT HAD HAPPENED BEFORE THE WEDDING DAY
WE WERE AT THIS PARTY AND JONATHAN LEFT ME AND STARTED TALKING TO THESE TWO GIRLS. I WAS SO UPSET

HE IGNORED ME COMPLETELY. I FELT SO ALONE

I'LL SHOW HIM!

Oooo

I RAN OUTSIDE TO GET MY CAR AND HE CAME AFTER ME

HEY, DEBBY, STOP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING

I'M GOING HOME. WHERE DO YOU THINK?

HE BROUGHT THEM BOTH OVER TO THE CAR TO INTRODUCE THEM TO ME

MEET MARY. SHE'S WONDERFUL. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL AT THE PARTY. THIS IS SUE

I DROVE OFF IN MY CAR CRYING. WE WERE MEANT TO BE MARRIED NEXT DAY. I TURNED UP JUST TO PAY HIM BACK FOR HURTING ME SO

A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER THE AUNTS RUSHED EXCITEDLY TO THE DOOR

DEBBY, IT'S A LETTER FOR YOU FROM JONATHAN! HURRY, COME AND READ IT

'DARLING I STILL LOVE YOU. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED OR WHY YOU DID WHAT YOU DID. I STILL WANT TO MARRY YOU. MARY WAS MY COUSIN...

JOE CAME INTO THE PICTURE AT THIS POINT...

WHO'S IT FROM, YOUR UNFAITHFUL FIANCE? I SHOULDN'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF THAT, YOU'VE HURT HIS PRIDE

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT LOVE, JOE?

I KNOW THAT I COULD FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU

DON'T PULL MY LEG

BUT JOE WASN'T PULLING HER LEG

I MEAN IT DEBBY. I COULD LOVE YOU

DEBBY WAS BEWILDERED BY HIS SUDDEN PASSION

FORGET ABOUT HIM. LET ME TAKE YOU OUT. I'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY

I'M GOING TO BED NOW. THANKS FOR TRYING TO HELP, JOE

GOODNIGHT, DEBBY. THINK ABOUT IT

OH, WHAT SHALL I DO? I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO TRUST JONATHAN OR NOT. THERE'S NO ONE I CAN REALLY TURN TO. EVEN JOE IS PREJUDICED HE WANTS TO GO OUT WITH ME

JOE'S SO SWEET. WHY CAN'T JONATHAN BE LIKE THAT. HE'S SO KIND AND PROTECTIVE

OH DEAR, I WISH I COULD SLEEP. EVERYTHING SEEMED SO SIMPLE A FEW DAYS AGO. I WAS SO HAPPY

WHAT'S THAT NOISE OUTSIDE? I'LL GET OUT OF BED AND SEE

IT'S JOE. HE'S SO STRONG AND HANDSOME. I THINK I'M IN LOVE WITH HIM

GOOD MORNING, DARLING, JOE
COMING OUT TO HELP?

DEBBY TOLD HIM SHE MUST HAVE BREAKFAST WITH HER AUNTS FIRST
I DO BELIEVE YOU'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH JOE. I CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU, MY DEAR

WE'LL MAKE A DATE FOR THE WEDDING VERY SOON
DEBBY FELT THAT SOMETHING WAS VERY WRONG

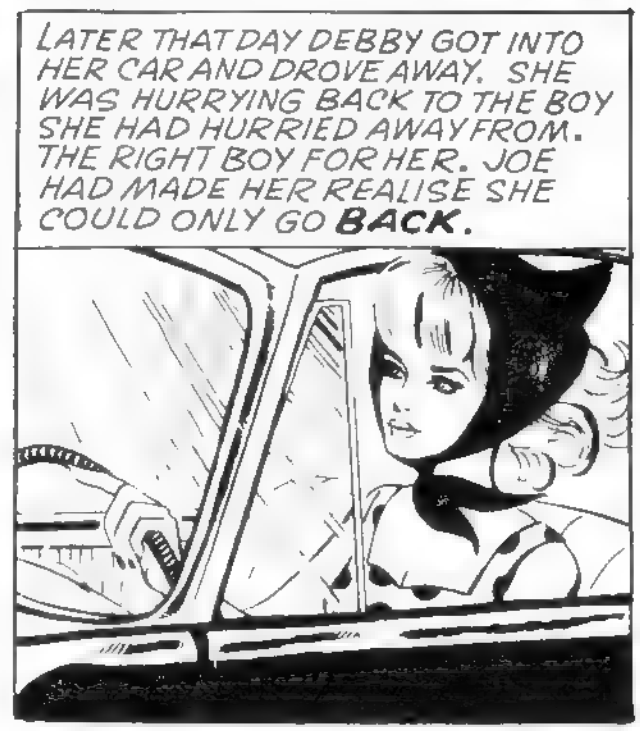
SHE WOKE AND REALISED THAT SHE HAD BEEN DREAMING ALL THE TIME

MAYBE I AM IN LOVE WITH JOE, I SHALL GO AND TALK TO HIM

DEBBY FELT HERSELF FLOATING WHEN SHE SAW JOE THAT MORNING
YOU LOOK HAPPY
OH, JOE THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO TELL YOU

DEBBY TOLD JOE THE NEWS SHE THOUGHT WOULD DELIGHT HIM
JOE, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. IT'S YOU I WANT TO GO OUT WITH

BUT JOE WALKED STAUNCHLY AWAY TRYING NOT TO SHOW HER HOW MUCH HE CARED
JOE, WHAT D'YOU MEAN, YOU'RE NOT THE RIGHT BOY FOR ME?


LATER THAT DAY DEBBY GOT INTO HER CAR AND DROVE AWAY. SHE WAS HURRYING BACK TO THE BOY SHE HAD HURRIED AWAY FROM. THE RIGHT BOY FOR HER. JOE HAD MADE HER REALISE SHE COULD ONLY GO BACK.

End of term pop biology test paper

SUBJECT: ANATOMY OF A BEATLE

QUESTION:
What is a Beatle?
CORRECT ANSWER:

It is an extraordinary animal which produces a noise quite unlike others. Of a type that resulted in Britain becoming world famous as the leading land of Pop. It is made up of four parts, i.e. Ringo, Paul, John and George. In sections it is reasonably inadequate. Together it forms a talented group.

Since there is neither time nor space to enlarge on this subject below, very briefly, is an analysis of the make-up of this rare creature.

Section A.
GEORGE HARRISON

1 Grin for flashing at Maharishi and friendly photographers.
2 Moustache for emphasizing size and genuineness of grin.
3 Legs for sitting cross-legged in meditation when Maharishi isn't taking up all the meditation space himself!

Section B.
RINGO STARR

1 Droopy moustache is matching accessory for droopy eyes. Specially designed to make overall sad picture of section of this extraordinary creature which has very good sense of humour.

2 Ring . . . to remind people of the name Ring-o! Seems to assist with drumming too. With the weight of the ring it is unnecessary to bang the hand down too viciously to produce a big boom, because it drops heavily automatically.

3 Suitable accessory for mother of children. Generally known as wife or Maureen.

Section C.
PAUL McCARTNEY

1 Eyes for flapping attractively at girlfriend Jane Asher, perhaps. Or rolling humorously for photographer's benefit.

2 Hands for helping to emphasize flapping of eyes by extravagant gestures, and writing beautiful music. Or just for putting in pockets.

Section D.
JOHN LENNON

1 Nose for holding on granny glasses.

2 Eyes for seeing through granny glasses.

3 Hands for writing clever, clever books, song lyrics and things, which people cannot always understand. And perhaps muddles the writer as well!

ASTROLOGY By Rose Lypescu

Some people seem to possess all the characteristics of the sign they are born under. Study your friends and their birthdates and you'll discover this is true. First of all read on to find out all about yourself and then get to work on them.

YOUR BEST FRIEND – might be just a star up in the sky!

ARIES (Sign of the Ram) March 21st – April 20th (A Fire Sign) Ruler – Mars.

Aries is the first sign of the zodiac and represents Spring time. The Ram symbolizes physical courage. Mars will make you a born fighter, with tireless energy. Your password is Action.

Finest Qualities Healthy, courageous, energetic, adventurous, ambitious, amusing, persevering, determined, dauntless, hard-working, physically tough, charmingly amorous.

Worst Qualities Arrogant, obstinate, bossy, selfish, headstrong and exhausting.

Arians are terribly accident prone. Take care! Arians girls are Do-It-Yourself females and can be maddeningly efficient. Arian boys are said to go in for the Intellectual-Cave-Man-Approach. Arians and Leos click romantically.

TAURUS (Sign of the Bull) April 21st – May 20th (An Earth Sign) Ruler – Venus.

The Bull symbolizes stability and you will also inherit a love of beauty from Venus.

Finest Qualities Artistic, musical, patient, plodding, uncomplicated, strong, ardent, warm, loving, even-tempered.

Worst Qualities Vain, selfish, greedy, self-indulgent, stubborn, eats too much, flirts too much.

Taureans always like to take their time instead of rushing around like lunatics. Taurean girls are usually very attractive to the opposite sex. Taurus boys are wonderfully even-tempered until they are provoked and then carry on like a bull in a china shop. Taureens and Virgoans click romantically.

GEMINI (Sign of the Twins) May 21st – June 20th (An Air Sign) Ruler – Mercury.

The twins symbolize the instinct to share. Mercury is the Planet of Youth, so you'll never look your age. As the Twins signify duality, everything goes in two's for you. You have dual natures and can easily do two things at once.

Finest Qualities Amusing, generous, brilliant, giver rather than taker.

Worst Qualities Boring, restless, idiotic, temperamental, two-faced.

Gemini girls are exciting. Everything happens in two's for you and that's why you must share because you feel incomplete without a partner. The more boys you can be attracted by the merrier. Gemini boys are friendly, fickle and quick-on-the-uptake. Geminians and Aquarians click romantically.

CANCER (Sign of the Crab) June 21st – July 20th (A Water Sign) Ruler – The Moon.

The Crab symbolizes tenacity which is why you are a clinger who will never let go. You hang on ruthlessly to what you regard is exclusively yours and this includes boyfriends.

Finest Qualities Affectionate, emotional, sentimental, patient, self-sacrificing, romantic, sensitive, helpful, loyal.

Worst Qualities Moody, possessive, jealous, inflexible, coldly tenacious.

Cancer girls, you always get your man. If you are cornered your claws come out and you certainly know how to nip with words. You are governed by emotions and also have a strong practical streak.

Cancer boys tend to fly to mother with all their problems. Cancerians and Pisceans click romantically.

LEO (Sign of the Lion) July 21st – August 21st (A Fire Sign) Ruler – The Sun.

The Lion symbolizes courage and leadership. You will be as glowing as your ruling planet, the Sun. The Lion is King of the Jungle and therefore you are born with the monarch-of-all-I-survey complex.

Finest Qualities Magnetic, generous, ambitious, emotional, passionate, proud, charmingly illogical.

Worst Qualities Impatient, intolerant, egotistical, showy, arrogant, and quick-tempered.

Leo girls are perfectionists and often find it difficult to get a boy to live up to their dreams. They are warm, gay and attractive. Leo boys are ardent and love luxury. Leos and Arians click romantically.

VIRGO (Sign of the Virgin) August 22nd – September 22nd (An Earth Sign) Ruler – Mercury.

The Virgin symbolizes perfection. All Virgoans are punctual and methodical and pay a great deal of attention to detail.

Finest Qualities Cool, calm, self-possessed, punctual, fastidious, competent, methodical, tireless, thrifty, down-to-earth.

Worst Qualities Cold, suspicious, intolerant, naggy, critical, too down-to-earth.

Virgo girls are affectionate rather than passionate and always look young. They are very active and can organise anything. Virgo boys always love with their heads, not their hearts. Virgoans and Capricornians click romantically.

LIBRA (Sign of the Scales) September 23rd – October 22nd (An Air Sign) Ruler – Venus.

The Scales symbolize Balance and as long as the Libran keeps evenly balanced, life could not be better. Once a Libran goes off balance, then life goes off balance too.

Finest Qualities Sensitive, loving, kind, romantic, creative, artistic, trusting, gay.

Worst Qualities Obstinate, unfaithful, lazy, unreliable, unbalanced.

Libra girls are romantic rather than passionate, forever searching for the unattainable and the impossible ideal. They worship beauty. They use all their charm to attract other people. Libran boys are the charmers of the zodiac and are handsome and musical. They are up in the air one minute, down in

Cilla Black, typical Geminian . . . amusing, brilliant

the mud the next. Librans and Taureans click romantically.

SCORPIO (Sign of the Scorpion) October 23rd – November 22nd (A Water Sign) Ruler – Mars.

The Scorpion symbolizes the Scorpio instinct to sting. It also symbolizes power and knowledge. Many Scorpios have the gift of healing and genuine psychic powers. It is a very colourful sign.

Finest Qualities Ardent, emotional, magnetic, wise, fascinating, valiant, sympathetic, dignified.

Worst Qualities Suspicious, deceitful, crafty, argumentative, ruthless, theatrical.

Scorpio girls are very attractive indeed and hate being told what to do. She can sting and knows instinctively if someone is lying to her. Scorpio boys are very possessive. He must conquer or be conquered. Scorpios and Pisceans click romantically.

SAGITTARIUS (Sign of the Archer) November 23rd – December 20th (A Fire Sign) Rulers – Jupiter and Uranus.

The Archer symbolizes the instinct to reach for the top and also the liberation of man from the material to the spiritual. Your two ruling planets make you a bit of a mixture. You can be serious about life or happy-go-lucky. Sagittarius is believed to be the luckiest sign in the zodiac. You will always fall on your feet.

Finest Qualities Intuitive, faithful, gentle, kind, generous, reliable, just, gay.

Worst Qualities Nervous, unscrupulous, fickle, restless, reckless gambler.

Sagittarian girls love people, love change and hate making roots, they prefer to take a chance on life. They are born gamblers and succeed in whatever they seriously aim for. They live half in reality and half in imagination. Mr. Sagittarius hates to be kept waiting. Sagittarians and Sagittarians click romantically.

CAPRICORN (Sign of the Goat) December 21st – January 19th (An Earth Sign) Ruler – Saturn.

The Goat symbolizes inflexibility of purpose and courage. You will tackle anything, however impossible. You blatantly go all out for what you want. Capricorn is the business sign of the zodiac and the burning ambition is to obtain security in old age.

Finest Qualities Strong-willed, tireless, determined, hard-working, conscientious, plucky, thrifty, independent, responsible, sincere.

Worst Qualities Mean, selfish, vindictive, obstinate, bitter, suspicious, prejudiced.

A Capricorn girl's head will always rule her heart but seem to go in for chaotic love lives nevertheless. She's very calculating. To the Capricorn, boy romance is a side-line. Capricorns and Virgoans click romantically.

AQUARIUS (Sign of the Water-Bearer) January 20th – February 18th (A Water Sign) Ruler Uranus and Saturn.

The Water-Bearer symbolizes power and knowledge being poured on to the parched earth. You are outwardly flippant and impersonal and inwardly deep-thinking. You are friendly but have few friends, an invisible wall holds them off and they can never get through to you.

Finest Qualities Poised, calm, fascinating, clever, self-controlled, honest, humane, economical.

Worst Qualities Baffling, infuriating, crafty, indifferent, detached.

Miss Aquarius is the most baffling female in the zodiac. She doesn't appear to have a temper or a temperament. She walks alone, is very calm and never loses her head in a crisis. Aquarian boys are the most poised and controlled of all the signs and also have the best manners. Aquarians and Librans click romantically.

PISCES (Sign of the Fish) February 19th – March 20th (A Water Sign) Rulers – Jupiter and Neptune.

The symbol is Two Fishes swimming in opposite directions yet joined by a cord. This signifies the dual nature of the Piscean who wants to go two ways at once. There are no extremes in this sign but all Pisceans have two definite opposite sides to their characters. This means they can't even understand themselves.

Finest Qualities Gay, friendly, sincere, sensitive, interesting, witty, artistic, very attractive.

Worst Qualities Morose, gloomy, insincere, timid, erratic, lazy, secretive.

To Pisces girls everything is a mystery, however trivial. They change like the weather and have hunches that usually turn out to be right. A Pisces boy can be a prince of two-timers! Pisceans and Cancerians click romantically.

LOVE FLIES IN

As faithfully as the storks return each summer

I WOKE VERY EARLY THAT MORNING, YAWNING AND STRETCHING LIKE A CAT...

TODAY IS GOING TO BE A WONDERFUL DAY.

I KNEW DAVID WOULD BE ARRIVING BUT I WASN'T SURE AT WHAT TIME.

I'M SO HAPPY HE'S COME BACK FROM ABROAD. I DO LOVE HIM SO.

IT WAS ALREADY WARM AND SUNNY AND I STEPPED OUT ON THE BALCONY AND GAZED ALONG THE ROAD...

I HOPE HE COMES SOON. IT'S BEEN SO LONG.

LOOK! THE STORKS ARE NESTING ON THE STEEPLE. SUMMER HAS REALLY ARRIVED.

I THOUGHT OF DAVID AS A FLIGHT OF STORKS SUDDENLY SWEPT ACROSS THE SKY...

ALREADY I WAS JUMPING AHEAD TO A TIME WHEN WE MIGHT HAVE TO PART...

I HOPE HE NEVER HAS TO GO AWAY AGAIN.

DAVID, DARLING, YOU'RE BACK!

AREN'T YOU GOING TO COME DOWN AND KISS ME, JOY?

HANG ON, I'LL JUST GET CHANGED.

IT WAS TERRIFIC TO SEE HIM AGAIN. I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT WAS FOR REAL.

WAIT IN THE GARDEN ON THAT BENCH OVER THERE. I'LL BE READY IN A FLASH.

PROMISE, DARLING.

DON'T BE LONG. I CAN'T WAIT TO HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS.

THE DRESS IS TREMENDOUS. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW I'VE MISSED YOU.

I READ ALL YOUR LETTERS OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

WE'LL BE ABLE TO DO SO MANY THINGS NOW YOU'RE HOME AGAIN, DAVE.

WE'LL BE TOGETHER ALL THE TIME

THE TOWN IS SO PRETTY NOW IT'S SUMMER AND ALL THE FLOWERS ARE OUT.

NOT HALF AS PRETTY AS A CERTAIN GIRL I KNOW.

NOW DON'T BE BASHFUL, JOY. YOU KNOW YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL.

IT'S WONDERFUL BEING TOGETHER. I'M SO HAPPY!

WE WERE TOGETHER EVERY DAY UNTIL THE FRUIT WAS RIPE FOR PICKING...

THEN HE TOLD ME SOMETHING THAT REALLY GAVE ME A SHOCK. IT SEEMED THAT HE MIGHT BE FORCED TO GO AWAY AGAIN FOR THE WINTER. I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT...

BUT I'LL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO STOP IT HAPPENING.

SOON AFTER I MET A FUNNY OLD WOMAN WHO SAID SHE COULD LOOK INTO THE FUTURE...

THEN TELL ME IF DAVID, MY BOYFRIEND, WILL HAVE TO GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME.

YES, MY DEAR, I'M AFRAID HE WILL. HE'S GOING ON A LONG JOURNEY AND YOU'LL BE PARTED.

I COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT THIS COULD POSSIBLY BE TRUE. IT WAS AWFUL...

AS SURE AS THE STORKS ARE FLYING AWAY NOW WINTER'S COMING, HE'LL FLY TOO.

HER WORDS CAME TRUE. AND BY THE TIME IT WAS WINTER DAVID HAD LEFT ME AND I WAS ALL ALONE AGAIN WITHOUT HIS LOVE...

ONE MORNING, MANY MONTHS AFTER, I GAZED OUT OF THE WINDOW SADLY AND SAW THE STORKS RETURNING...

IT'S SUMMER AGAIN. SEEMS ETERNITY SINCE DAVE WENT AWAY.

BUT, SUDDENLY, LOOKING DOWN...

DAVID! I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.

YOU'VE HAD YOUR HAIR ALL CUT. HOW I'VE MISSED YOU.

AND THIS TIME HE TOLD ME HE WAS STAYING WITH ME FOREVER. AND WOULD NEVER FLY AWAY LIKE THE STORKS DID EVERY YEAR...

AND THE STORKS BUILDING THEIR NEST SEEMED AS HAPPY AS WE WERE. PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY ALWAYS FLEW AWAY TOGETHER.

JOY, WE'LL GET MARRIED VERY SOON AND THEN WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO PART!

BOY WITH HIS HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

Please, please come down to earth, cried Shelia to herself, but . . .

by Chris

She felt very close to him as they sat curled together in the front row of the cinema. She was more absorbed in him than the film which only registered as a series of flashes with changing shapes. In her mind she watched a film that she herself had acted in, a film in which she and Mark were playing the leading roles.

There was a close-up of the gentleness in his eyes when he'd met her that morning at the station, wearing an old velvet jacket and a brightly coloured tie that was all askew and blew up into his face because of the hurricane that came up from the escalator. His dark, curly hair fell into his eyes and he brushed it away almost shyly as he gazed at her and said, "Fantastic!"

Take Two and Mark had said, "Sheila I'm taking you out to lunch."

Sheila had stared back at him with an electrified look in her large, brown eyes. They said little, they communicated with their eyes and their hands and now and again they'd be so happy with each other that they'd stop dead and hug each other in the street.

"Steak and mushrooms and can I have the wine list," said Mark as though he was at the Hilton.

"But Mark can you afford wine?"

"We'll try a bottle of this," said Mark to the waiter. Sheila shrugged her shoulders but her eyes lit up when the steak appeared thick and tender.

"Mmmm this is lovely," she said.

"Not bad eh?" said Mark shovelling food into his mouth. "I'm starving!"

"Don't tell me you haven't eaten again?"

"Not since breakfast, yesterday."

"Oh Mark, you'll get ill or something awful."

"Me? Get ill? I lived on cornflakes for a fortnight once."

"But your face is so thin."

"It suits me to be slimmer. Anyway I'm eating now aren't I?"

Sheila didn't say any more she just watched Mark as he continued to shovel and swig back the wine. She couldn't help caring about him, there was something so sweet and vague about him.

"He's such a dreamer," she thought.

Sheila was amazed when Mark produced a roll of notes from a pocket and paid for the bill. He only got eight pounds a week from his grant and half of that went on the rent. She didn't say anything for the wine had made her feel warm and floaty and careless.

"Now another surprise," said Mark as they dashed for a bus.

"Where are we going?" asked Sheila her eyes sparkling like a child's.

"It's a secret," he said kissing her hair. As they jolted away on top of the bus he played with her black locks.

"Look at the colours in each strand," he said, "I've decided to make you my next masterpiece."

"You don't want to paint me!"

"Look you'll be hanging in the National Gallery one day. You'll be written up in all the art books. You'll be in my biography. Don't you realise you'll be immortal?"

"You musn't count your bridges before you've crossed them," said Sheila wisely.

"I'm not, honest. It'll all come true I promise you. I'm going to have a villa in the South of France and you can have hundreds of kids and they'll all be as brown as gypsies."

"Mark don't be silly."

Mark tried not to look hurt. "Stop trying to bring me down," he said. "Don't you have dreams?"

"Of course I do but not as crazy as yours."

"Okay then tell me what they are." Sheila shook her head. "I keep my dreams a secret," she said. "And then no one can say 'I told you so' if they don't come true."

"Coward."

"I'm not!" she protested and thought about her dreams. All she wanted was a nice house near her mother's place and a garden and a husband with a good job. That would make her happy as a sand-boy.

They tottered down the stairs of the bus and Mark leapt on to the grass verge and threw open his arms.

"This is it. Battersea Pleasure Gardens!" he said dramatically.

"Can we go on the big dipper?"

"We'll go on everything," he said.

And they went on everything until they both felt drunk on the speed and the lights and the smell of hot dogs, candy floss and sawdust. And Sheila kicked off her shoes in the café and Mark slopped towards her with two cups of tea.

"Fantastic," he said. "I'm going to paint a fun-fair picture one day. The colours and the atmosphere are incredible. You're having a good time?"

"Tremendous," said Sheila but something was on her mind. "Mark," she said. "Where did you get all the money to pay for this? you've spent a fortune!"

"I borrowed it from Tommy," he said with a grin.

"But Mark how are you going to pay him back. You've already overdrawn your grant!"

"Doesn't matter. I'll sell a few pictures."

"Mark who's gonna buy your pictures?"

"Look don't worry. We'll see. Things will take care of themselves. We're here to enjoy ourselves."

"Do you want me to give you some money?"

"Shut-up. Let's go and have our palms read."

Mark always avoided conversations like the one Sheila wanted to launch into. She didn't like him spending so much money on her when she earnt twice as much with her secretarial work as he got on his art school grant.

After the fair he took her back to his little room. They crept up the stairs to avoid the landlady who was always snooping around. Sheila felt like a criminal.

"What on earth's that thing?" asked Sheila as they entered the room.

"It's a mobile," said Mark proudly. "D'you dig it?"

Sheila stared at the strange object made of tin foil, string, bits of plastic and old nails.

"Yes," she said, "It takes up rather a lot of space though."

"There's plenty of room for me. After all I only sleep here really. Make some tea."

Sheila lit the gas ring, took the battered kettle to the bathroom to fill it, and then hunted for the tea bags which she eventually found under the bed.

"Mark you must clear this place up. Looks like a bomb's hit it!"

"What?" said Mark dreamily, he was fiddling with the mobile.

"The mess, what will your landlady think?"

She picked up two dusty pairs of socks from the floor, rubbed some crumbs into the mat with her foot, and sat down the bed with a creak to wait for the kettle.

"Where's the other cup?"

"I broke it. Let me think. Oh yes I'll have the jam jar. Give it a wash. It'll be fine."

"But Mark you can't have tea in a jam jar!"

"Why it tastes just the same?"

Sheila handed him a jam jar full of tea and looked exasperated.

"Must play you this record," said Mark starting to hunt under a stack of canvasses. "It's jazz. Tommy lent it to me. Great stuff you'll go for it in a big way."

They both sat on the bed staring into space. Mark nodded his head to the beat.

"Wasn't that fantastic?" he said afterwards.

"It's cold. Shall I light the fire?"

"Go ahead."

Sheila struck a match and moved it towards the gas fire.

"What's wrong? It won't come on."

"Must need a shilling in the meter. Hang on I'll find one. He went through his pockets but couldn't find a shilling.

"I'll keep you warm," he said and pulled her into his arms. "My love is so warm. I'll never let you get cold or frightened." And there was that gentleness in his eyes which made Sheila slip away into a kind of dream world too.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you," said Sheila but couldn't look him straight in the eyes, not because she didn't love him, because she was hiding a lot of other thoughts from him.

Suddenly Mark got excited.

"Put your hair all on top."

"Why I thought you liked it loose?"

"I adore it loose but I want you to put it up so I can see your beautiful, long neck. I'm going to paint you."

"Look why don't we clear up the room first? You'll get in such a state."

"No time," said Mark. "I feel in the mood. Come on do as you're told."

Sheila obediently set to work on her hair in the cracked mirror in the wardrobe door where all his shirts and sweaters kept tumbling out with rolls of paper and brushes.

He found some charcoal and started sketching her rapidly.

"You'll be in the end of term exhibition," he said with a grin and paused as he dreamt of the acclaim he would receive from visitors. He would win the Student of The Year Award, too.

"Hurry up. I'm cold," Sheila's voice cut through the applause that was ringing in his ears. "And take that silly look off your face. What are you dreaming about now?"

Mark set to work again. They had such a laugh about it. Sheila paraded up and down with one of the sketches.

"Does my nose really look like that? Are my eyes really that big? You make me much prettier than I am you know."

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," said Mark kissing her lips on the sketch. "And anyway it doesn't take a painter to see that you are beautiful."

And a while later after another cup of tea in a jam jar with the label still stuck on, Sheila pulled down her hair and Mark put on an extra sweater and they left for the pictures.

Mark liked going to see films, he said it helped him with his painting. Sheila preferred light stuff that made her laugh but she always sat through the arty ones Mark insisted on seeing. She felt happy just being with him.

They rose to their feet a bit wobbly, for the National Anthem. Mark came out of the cinema already showing all the characteristics of the hero. He always got so involved in a film that he'd be re-living it for days after. Fantasy or reality it seemed to mean the same thing to him.

Two days later Sheila went to Mark's room and found him working on her portrait.

"It's shaping up nicely," he said patting her arm. "Like it?"

Sheila looked at the chaos. "Shall I straighten up?" she said.

"Well don't you like it?"

"Yes it's very nice."

Mark fell with a thud on to the bed. "What's the matter have I said something wrong?"

"No," he almost shouted. "It's not what you say. It's what you don't say."

"I only want to get you out of this mess and put you on your feet again."

"What mess? The whole world's in a mess if you want to look at it like that. This is my life. I want to share it with you. I don't want you to change it."

"But surely you can't carry on like this forever?"

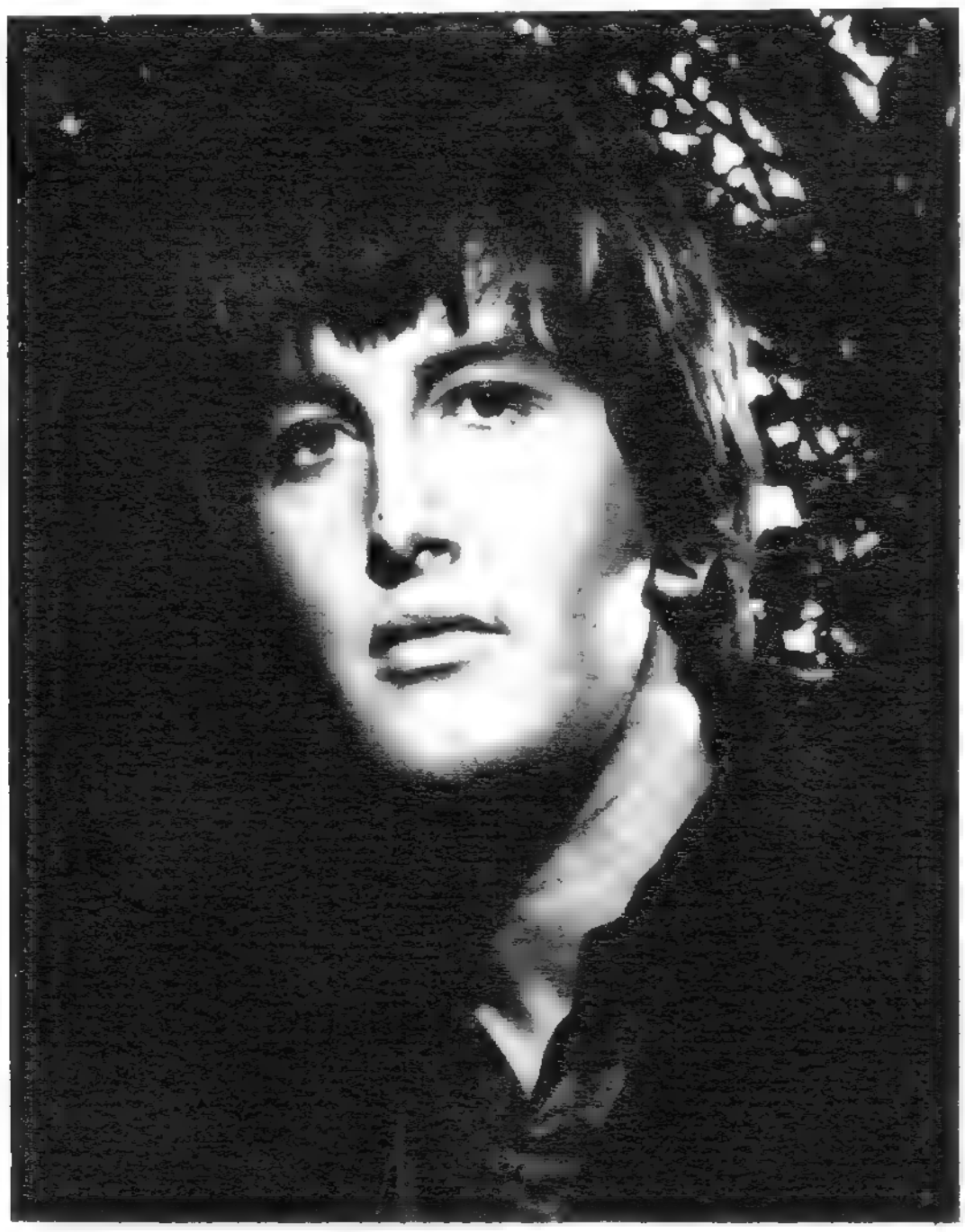
"All I want is to paint and be happy and have you."

Sheila looked at him and the room, and shivered. She had a dream too but it was nothing like this. She wanted security, someone to rely on, possessions to be proud of. Something normal and down-to-earth. She loved Mark but she could see no future for either of them.

She didn't want to change him for she knew he was right as he was, up there with his head in the clouds seeing rainbows.

Sheila offered to make him a cup of tea before she left. She knew it would be the last time she would ever make tea in a jam jar.

THE LONESOMES *sometimes singulars are more successful than plurals*



Why does a successful singer with a group leave and go solo? With the group he knows that he can make good money, but by himself could well fade into the dark depths of obscurity.

I had a long chat with two solo singers who are making it by themselves, but who were originally associated with another name. Both of them are very good-looking, with a great deal of charm and personality.

One of them used to sing with a fellow called 'Peter' and the other sang with a group called 'Manfred Mann'. 'Ha, ha!' you say, 'I know who they are. **Gordon Waller** *and* **Paul Jones**.' *Right, first time!*

Gordon told me: "I'd been singing with Peter ever since we were at school together, and we couldn't go on together for ever and so we decided to split up. Actually there were a lot of different contributing factors, as well.

"When you're touring around the place with someone, it's rather nerve-racking as you see much more of each other than you would if you were married! You eat, work and play together for 36 hours a day and after several years of this I think it's only natural that you should both want to branch out and go your own way."

"We were doing quite well, but not fantastically, when we broke up. If we had got all our records to the Top of the Pops then we would have stayed together, but quite honestly we reckoned that the kind of thing that we were doing was going out of fashion."

"We still do some work together. We've released another L.P. in America, where we are still quite big as a duo, and we've made a lot of demonstration records for other people. It's just that we now sing together as an exception rather than a rule."

"Peter is interested in the technical and recording sides of the music business, whereas I'm keener on the performing side. I was never in too much of a hurry to push myself as a solo singer. You've got to find the right stuff to record, and I was tired of just releasing a record just for the sake of putting something, no matter how bad, on the market."

"I don't think my record company were very pleased tho', because in my first year and a half as a solo artiste I only released one record and that didn't sell very well here. Although it did do pretty well on the Continent."

Over to **Paul Jones** *the happy-go-lucky singer-and-actor with the boyish smile.* "I think that I had done about as much as I could with Manfred. They're a great group and I think they are all really nice guys, but all I could have done was go on touring and playing one-night stands, and you can't do that for the rest of your life, can you?"

"I'm now learning to play the saxaphone, and doing all kinds of things, like acting, that I didn't have time to do before. I made 'PRIVILEGE', in which I played the part of Steve Shorter, who's a pop star that is turned into a kind of hero. I enjoyed making that and I've been working on some more films recently. I'm trying to do straight acting as opposed to the old-fashioned type of Pop film. You know the type, the hero is a struggling singer in search of fame and fortune. He finds a beautiful girl and after many adventures, and a few rather badly-staged fights, he eventually gets to the top and they all live happily ever after. That's just not my scene."

"I don't really miss the group spirit either, as when I do travel around I have my road-manager and sometimes a few friends around me – and they're quite a group!

"I lead a very busy life and find very little time to myself. I get up at about nine o'clock and I never seem to get to bed till pretty late. There's an awful lot to do and very little time to do it in!"

So there we have two good-looking loners. They want to make names for themselves by themselves – it's harder like that, but much more satisfying if they do get right to the top.

Both Gordon and Paul have already put themselves well on the ladder of success and I don't think that it will be very long before they are both at the very top – on their own.

The fantastic romance

I FOUND MYSELF A FANTASTIC JOB AND A FANTASTIC BOSS TO GO WITH IT...

MISS SPENCER WILL YOU PLEASE COME INTO MY OFFICE FOR DICTATION.

I'LL SHOW HIM I'M THE BEST SECRETARY HE'S EVER HAD. CALL ME MISS EFFICIENCY!

BUT EVERYTHING TURNED OUT QUITE DIFFERENTLY FROM WHAT I EXPECTED THAT FIRST MORNING...

LOOK, JULIE, I WANT TO TAKE YOU OUT TO DINNER TONIGHT.

I'D ONLY BEEN IN THE OFFICE A COUPLE OF MINUTES WHEN HE BEGAN TO DISPOSE OF THE FORMALITIES. MIKE STEPHENS WAS CERTAINLY A FAST WORKER!

I WAS STUNNED...

YOU WANT TO TAKE ME **OUT?**

THAT'S RIGHT. THE MOMENT I SAW YOU AT THE INTERVIEW I DECIDED YOU WERE THE GIRL FOR ME. WHAT D'YOU SAY?

LOOK, IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF A JOKE...

I HAPPEN TO BE A VERY SERIOUS PERSON, JULIE. IF I SAY A THING, I MEAN IT.

ANYWAY I'LL PICK YOU UP AT YOUR PLACE TONIGHT AT EIGHT. AND LOOK GREAT.

I CAME HERE FOR A JOB NOT A BOYFRIEND!

NOW COME ON, WHY BE SO STUCK-UP ABOUT IT?

MR STEPHENS, THIS IS CRAZY. YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME!

HAVE YOU EVER MET SOMEONE ONLY ONCE AND FELT...

YOU HAVE? SO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN THEN.

FELT ALL SORT OF FLOATY, AS IF YOU'RE DANCING ON AIR?

YOU SUDDENLY MEET SOMEONE AND ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS HOLD THEM TIGHTLY IN YOUR ARMS FOREVER!

AND IF YOU CAN'T, YOU WANT TO DIE!

YOU KNOW I WAS IN LOVE WITH THIS GIRL ONCE AND SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I EXISTED.

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN BLIND THEN, MR STEPHENS.

THEN YOU WILL COME OUT WITH ME?

AND SUDDENLY I HAD FORGOTTEN MIKE WAS MY BOSS AND THIS WAS MY FIRST DAY AT WORK. AND I AGREED.

WHEN I WOKE UP THE NEXT MORNING I THOUGHT I'D DREAMT THE NIGHT BEFORE...

DID ALL THAT HAPPEN IN JUST ONE DAY?

BUT MY DREAM WAS FOR REAL AND THINGS GOT DREAMIER AND DREAMIER...

I WANT TO BUY YOU A PRESENT, JULIE. SOMETHING SPECIAL.

THAT'S A FABULOUS DRESS. SHALL I TRY IT ON?

IT'S SO DIFFICULT TO MAKE UP MY MIND.

YOU LOOK GREAT IN ALL OF THEM. YOU SHOULD BE A MODEL NOT A SECRETARY.

I'LL HAVE THIS ONE, MIKE, IF YOU THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT.

I'D LIKE THIS ONE, IT'S SOPHISTICATED.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S SWEETER, YOU OR THE PERFUME.

WE'LL HAVE THE ROAST CHICKEN. WOULD YOU LIKE WINE, DARLING?

YES, PLEASE, MIKE. YOU DO SPOIL ME!

MIKE WAS WONDERFUL BUT I STILL COULDN'T HELP THINKING OF PAUL. HE WAS AWAY AND I'D PROMISED TO WAIT...

I FELT SO GUILTY SITTING THERE THINKING ABOUT PAUL. MIKE SEEMED TO SENSE THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, JULIE? YOU'VE GONE SO QUIET SUDDENLY.

NOTHING REALLY.

I LOOKED AT MIKE AND ALL I COULD DO WAS COMPARE HIM WITH PAUL. I TRIED TO LOOK INTO HIS EYES BUT I FELT LIKE A CRIMINAL.

OH, GOD, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

COULD WE HAVE THE BILL PLEASE, WAITER?

THAT NIGHT I TOSSED AND TURNED IN BED...

THIS IS TERRIBLE. I SHOULD HAVE TOLD MIKE ABOUT PAUL WHEN I FIRST MET HIM

THEN I HAD A DREAM THAT I WAS GOING INTO A CHURCH WITH MIKE ON OUR WEDDING DAY. AND THEN SOMETHING DREADFUL HAPPENED...

I TURNED ROUND JUST AS WE REACHED THE ALTAR AND TOLD HIM THE TERRIBLE THOUGHTS IN MY MIND...

MIKE, I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS.

JULIE!

I SHOT UP IN BED, REALISING THAT IT WAS ONLY A NIGHTMARE. BUT IT WAS SO VIVID IT MADE ME SHUDDER...

IMAGINE IF THAT COULD REALLY HAPPEN IT WOULD COMPLETELY DESTROY MIKE. I SHALL HAVE TO BE STRONG AND FACE MY INDECISION BOLDLY.

THE NEXT MORNING I WENT INTO MIKE'S OFFICE AND TOLD HIM I WANTED TO HAND IN MY NOTICE...

IF THAT'S WHAT YOU REALLY WANT TO DO I CAN'T STOP YOU. AFTER ALL, YOU ARE ONLY MY SECRETARY. YOU'RE FREE TO DO AS YOU PLEASE.

I'D LIKE MY CARDS AT ONCE.

YES, OF COURSE. I'LL ARRANGE IT, BUT...

PLEASE DO. I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE EMBARASSED.

OH, MIKE, I FEEL SO AWFUL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO THINK OF ME.

WHY LOVE, YOU'RE CRYING. WHAT IS IT?

I EVENTUALLY EXPLAINED ABOUT PAUL. MIKE WAS AMAZED THAT I HADN'T TOLD HIM ALL ABOUT THIS BEFORE. HE WASN'T A BIT ANGRY THOUGH...

JULIE, YOU MUST GIVE YOURSELF TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT. I CAN'T FORCE YOU INTO ANY DECISION ALTHOUGH OF COURSE I'D LIKE TO.

MIKE DIDN'T HAVE TO FORCE ME. HE HAD BEEN A FANTASTIC BOSS. AND THEN SOON BECAME A FANTASTIC HUSBAND...

LOST PROPERTY

The Boys who got away!
by Edith Stroud

THIS is it, you've decided. Nothing less than love, which can only lead to marriage. Strolling hand in hand in the moonlight, your heart bursting with happiness, there just can't be anyone else for you.

Three weeks later, you can't stand the sight of him. And the very thought of strolling another night in the moonlight with him makes you come out in a rash.

So where did all the magic go?

Well, it's a long story.

With *Jo*, you see, it was a case of him being too young and too eager to please all of the time. And that was nice first of all. I mean, most boys only care about themselves, don't they? Jo didn't. He worried if the seats in the cinema were comfortable enough. He apologised if I turned up late for getting there too early.

He was extremely bright and we spent a lot of the time discussing every subject under the sun, occasionally differing in opinion. After a while I noticed that he was inclined to say "Oh, well, I suppose you're right," regardless. And I, of course, found this irritating so deliberately became awkward. If he said the world was round, I'd contradict it. "It was square-ish!" I'd say. He'd argue vehemently for about ten minutes, then subside saying he supposed I was right, actually.

"Well, as a matter of fact," I'd continue, "I think you're right, and that the world is round." He'd stare at me looking rather puzzled then say well he'd said so in the first place, hadn't he? But there was something in my opinion that it wasn't altogether round, etc., etc.

He even finally agreed, on my instigation, that perhaps we'd better not meet again. How obliging can you get?!!

Tony was nearest to my dream of an ideal man. I like talented people and he was that and more. His job wasn't madly exciting, it had something to do with insurance I believe. Anyway, he had a brilliant memory for retaining historical facts and spouted information at me all day. He also wrote poetry and quoted Shakespeare, or something. He knew all about wines. And did all the right things at dinner in some posh restaurant.

Also, he could play the piano, guitar and bass. Really, he was just too much!

BUT he loved being obeyed instantly and without question, He, after all, was the superior being.

I enjoyed being dominated so completely for a while; it was a tremendous change from Jo. But that wore thin very rapidly. "Women are second-rate humans," he'd rave on and on in an argument.

"They're not!" I'd yell back.

Can't remember how that relationship ended. In a blazing row, I should imagine.

Then came *Richard*. I'd worshipped him from a distance for ages. He was tall, goodlooking and all the rest of it. And he didn't seem to have any 'steady' hanging around. We finally got around to dating after an eventful office party.

He'd always pretended to be quite a rake. Discovered, in fact, it was all a sham. He was terrified of girls! Even speaking to them in groups – hence that attractive aloof air about him.

He also needed discipline and strict regularity of things for security reasons. It became, as you can imagine, the dullest of courtships ever. I knew, without fail, that at 8.00 p.m. on Tuesday Richard would ring. If I refused to answer he'd ring again in exactly fifteen minutes' time. He'd suggest we go to the theatre. He'd choose the show. And we'd go. He expect me, of course, always to be free on that day.

I got fed up and became involved in all sorts of things on Tuesdays and his life was absolutely shattered. What could he do on that day, he wailed. I suggested he find another girl. He did eventually. And went to the theatre every Tuesday.

Jerry was too goodlooking to be true. And spent a lot of the time cultivating his looks. I could never get near a mirror when I was with him – mainly because he got to it before me and hogged the wretched thing for hours and hours.

Mark was kindness with a capital 'K'. He leapt up to open doors; pull out chairs; and really made you feel good. He was forever helping old ladies across roads and things like that. Marvellous! I didn't always appreciate it though when he insisted on taking my umbrella and sheltering someone to "Save her getting pneumonia," when the someone was big and healthy and as liable to get pneumonia as fly to the moon.

And he was kind to all my scheming girl friends. "I'm unhappy," sobbed Maria, and he was off to her side like a shot giving her the "there, there, cry on my shoulder" treatment. He was even kind enough to apologise and tell me he didn't think he loved me . . . hoped I wouldn't be hurt . . . but Maria was THE person.

Jimmy, never felt well. I loved cossetting him at first. But soon became pretty immune to all his ailments. Things really deteriorated, so much so that if you asked "How are you?" hoping to get back a cheerful "Fine, thank you," you were landed with a fifteen-minute moan about all his new aches and pains, and the admission that he wouldn't live more than three more weeks because he was dying . . . he'd developed the symptoms of a fatal disease.

A year later, he was still bouncing around the local High Street.

Gerard was a magnificent cook. He turned out the most delicious meals. Needless to say I ate everything he put in front of me (and he loved that) so expanded rapidly. Eventually took a firm stand one day when I couldn't fit into a dress two sizes larger than usual and decided it was time to put the eating brakes on. Gerard decided that if I dieted it would be the end of things. I did. It was. The end.

FRECKLE-FACE *A little sun spot*

who brought sunshine into every friendship!

LOOK, I'M SORRY TO APPROACH YOU LIKE THIS BUT YOU ARE THE GIRL I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR FOR DAYS.

THIS SOUNDS LIKE THE BEGINNING OF A FAIRY STORY...

REALLY!

YOU'RE JUST THE GIRL I NEED DESPERATELY TO PHOTOGRAPH.

YOU SEE I'M A FILM PRODUCER AND RECENTLY I CAME UP AGAINST A SERIOUS PROBLEM.

GOT IT! I WILL HAVE TO COMB THE STREETS FOR THE KIND OF GIRL WE NEED.

AND YOU'VE FOUND HER? AND IT'S ME?

THAT'S RIGHT!

I'VE ALWAYS DREAMT OF BEING A FAMOUS ACTRESS BUT I NEVER THOUGHT ANYTHING LIKE THIS COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN TO ME

IT'S HAPPENING. RIGHT NOW. YOU'LL BE ON EVERY TELEVISION SET IN THE COUNTRY. YOUR FACE WILL BE SEEN BY MILLIONS!

WHY **ME** THOUGH?

WE WANT A GIRL WITH FRECKLES TO ADVERTISE A NEW MAKE-UP. YOU'RE COVERED IN THEM!

WHAT DID I DO WRONG?

LATER THAT WEEK I PHONED MY FRIEND SUZIE. SHE SAID SHE'D ARRANGED ME A BLIND DATE. IT SOUNDED A BIT OF A GIGGLE.

OKAY. SEE YOU AT SEVEN-THIRTY.

WONDER WHAT HE'S LIKE. IF HE MENTIONS MY FRECKLES HE'S HAD IT!

JUST BECAUSE I'VE GOT FRECKLES, I'M NOT A FREAK!

PATERA

HURRY DI. YOU'RE LATE!

DIANE, THIS IS JULIAN.

WE BOTH STARED IN AMAZEMENT.

HI!

NICE TO MEET YOU.

SUZIE HAD CERTAINLY BEEN KEEPING THIS SURPRISE UP HER SLEEVE.

COME ON KIDS WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE MOVIE IF YOU DON'T GET A MOVE ON.

WE GAZED INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES.

YOU REALLY ARE PRETTY.

D'YOU THINK SO?

NO-ONE MENTIONED FRECKLES BUT WE BOTH STARTED LAUGHING.

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA HA HA!

...AND WE FELL IN LOVE. PUT IT DOWN TO A HOPELESS CASE OF FRECKLES!

GOING STEADY

"You saw him every night," he said

And wore a puzzled frown,

"To see a girlfriend every night

Would really bring me down."

"He loved me so," I said to him

A smile upon my face,

"To see the same boy every night

You know is no disgrace."

He phoned me up that evening

Said he would like a date

To see a film and have a meal,

He really bit the bait.

But still he didn't go too wild

Or tell me that he cared

To fall in love with love itself

Yes, he was rather scared.

So I kept mum and quietly

Just let him go his way.

And very soon that boy began

To call me every day.

"You ring me every day," I said

With laughter in my eyes

"To ring me every single day

Now do you think that's wise?"

He told me not to fool around

Because his love was strong,

"To see you every night," he said

"That really can't be wrong!"

I said, "You might have something there."

And felt as pleased as punch,

And ever since that happy day

We've also met for lunch.

Wanted urgently: One boyfriend

It happens to everyone . . . at some time or another . . . being boyfriendless!

ONE MORNING I WAS SITTING ALONE IN THE PARK FEELING DEAD MISERABLE, AND WISHING THAT SOMETHING DIFFERENT WOULD HAPPEN FOR A CHANGE

WHAT A DRAG. I WISH I HAD A NICE BOYFRIEND TO SHARE THINGS WITH

AND THEN ALONG CAME ANNE, MY FRIEND, WITH HER NEW BOYFRIEND

LIZ, THIS IS ALAN

NICE TO MEET YOU

MUST RUSH OFF, I'VE GOT TO MEET SOME-ONE

BUT I COULD TELL FROM THE EXPRESSION ON THEIR FACES THAT THEY BOTH FELT SORRY FOR ME

I RUSHED HOME AND CRIED MY EYES OUT 'COS I FELT SO LONELY

IT'S NOT FAIR. WHY HAS ANNE GOT A SUPER BOY, AND I HAVEN'T ?

THEN I REALISED IT WAS STUPID GOING AROUND FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF

AS MY MUM WOULD SAY, 'IT'S NO GOOD DREAMING DREAMS. GO OUT AND **DO** THEM !'

SO I HAD A GOOD LOOK AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR AND DECIDED...

YOU'RE NOT SUCH A BAD-LOOKING GIRL AFTER ALL, LIZ ROGERS

I'LL SHOW ANNE I CAN GET A BOY-FRIEND AS DISHY AS HERS!

ANNE, HOWEVER, SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN HARD AT WORK ON MY BEHALF...

HONESTLY, HE'S FANTASTIC. YOU'LL REALLY FLIP

I TOLD ANNE THAT I COULD FIND MY OWN BOYFRIEND

LOOK, I'M NOT ON THE SHELF YET, YOU KNOW!

ANNE WAS DETERMINED THAT I SHOULD KEEP THE DATE SHE'D ARRANGED

LOOK. KEITH'S ALAN'S BEST FRIEND. HE'S A GAS

BUT I GOT MORE AND MORE ANGRY AND EVENTUALLY...

WALKED OFF IN A HUFF LEAVING ANNE SHOUTING AFTER ME

YOU'RE CRAZY. IT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND...

I WANDERED THROUGH THE PARK UNTIL I CAME TO A LITTLE BRIDGE

HONESTLY, WHAT A CHEEK SHE'S GOT! FANCY EXPECTING ME TO MEET A BLIND DATE HERE IN THE PARK

MEANWHILE ANNE WAS THINKING...

I WONDER HOW ALAN GOT ON WITH TONY?

I GAZED OVER THE RIVER DREAMING DREAMS THAT WOULD PROBABLY NEVER COME TRUE

I TURNED AROUND AND MY HEART STARTED POUNDING FOR STANDING NEARBY WAS THE MOST ATTRACTIVE BOY I'D EVER SEEN

SOMEHOW WE STARTED TALKING. HE SAID HE WAS ANGRY BECAUSE HIS FRIEND HAD TRIED TO GET HIM TO MEET SOME BIRD IN THE PARK. AND HE'D MUCH RATHER BE WITH A GIRL LIKE ME

SUDDENLY, THAT DAY SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT DID START HAPPENING. AND IT WENT ON HAPPENING

I CAN'T HELP ADMITTING ANNE HAS VERY GOOD TASTE

STARS AND STARS.....

ARIES (March 21st – April 20th)

If you are an Aries person, you are very impulsive, like **Elton John** (born March 25th). People under this sign like to be the leaders, and don't like to be in the background. They always want to try something new and exciting. "I suppose that's about right," says **Elton**. "I did leave **Long John Baldry's** backing group to be a solo singer."

They may have a bit of a temper, too, because they are fiery and excitable, but you can be sure that they won't hold a grudge afterwards and their flare-ups are soon over. In love Arians are very spontaneous and often fall in and out of love with remarkable speed. **Elton** says:–"I'm not sure about that!" They have lot of courage and a great love of competition. So **Elton** looks set for a long stay at the top.

TAURUS (April 21st – May 21st)

Taurus people are children of nature, like **Stevie Winwood** *(born May 12th). They love the simple pleasures of life. They are also very determined and once they make up their minds to do something it takes a lot to change them. They are often possessive in love, and are completely natural in displays of affection. They are also very faithful and constant.*

"Some of that sounds me," says **Stevie**. *"I love getting away from everyone at my cottage in Berkshire, anyway."*

GEMINI (May 22nd – June 21st)

Lightning-fast in their movements, Geminians are quick to grasp new ideas. They're often very good at languages, and it is said that most of them have a secret desire to be a writer. In a gathering of people, they are always ready with witty things to say and can quite happily keep a party going. **Tom Jones** (born June 7th), who started life near the Welsh coal-mines, determined that he would move away from the drab surroundings. It took him a long time and a lot of effort, but he finally made it **big,** and this is typical of Gemini people. They are very good companions and make excellent boy-friends and husbands, but they must not be allowed to get bored.

CANCER (June 22nd – July 23rd)

Cancer people are usually "Home Birds" and set great importance in setting up a home of their own. There they go and hide themselves away from the world when they feel like it. They are oversensitive and often feel hurt when there was no hurt intended. **John Perry,** *of* **Grapefruit** *(July 16th), says: "I'm not sure about that. I suppose I am a bit over-sensitive sometimes. I do like my flat anyway, because I can write songs there." They usually like steady girl friends and security.* **John** *certainly has found steady success with* **Grapefruit.**

Elton John

..have a gas comparing your

John Perry

Andy Fairweather-Low

LEO (July 24th – August 23rd)

The people born under the sign of the Lion are very friendly people with a happy and sunny disposition. They love to have lots of people around them and to make them all feel welcome and comfortable. **Andy Fairweather-Low**, (born August 2nd), lead singer with **The Amen Corner,** radiates cheerfulness wherever he is. He says: "I'm just happy by nature. It's good to see everyone else happy too." They usually only love one girl at a time and treat her very well. They try not to quarrel, because they are a peace-loving lot.

VIRGO (August 24th – September 23rd)

Virgo people are neat and methodical with a strong practical streak in them. Sometimes they are a bit critical, but this is not usually meant nastily, but purely because they have seen something that has fallen short of perfection, which is their ideal. "I must admit that I am a bit of a perfectionist," says **Steve Rowland** *(born September 3rd), good-looking ex-cowboy actor, who not only produces all the* **Herd's** *hits but also sings with* **The Family Dog** *group. They always have lots of details to deal with and always do so extremely well. They are very practical in love, but they do like having a fuss made over them. "That's me all over!" says* **Steve**.

LIBRA (September 24th – October 23rd)

These ones always know what is the right thing to do. They have good features and are surrounded by an air of culture and refinement. **Manfred Mann** (born October 23rd) is a good example of a Libran. Love for them is artistic and delicate rather than vivid and passionate. They are often accused of being temperamental, this is because they prefer to remain a little bit aloof and withdrawn. "I don't mean to be off-hand, it's just that I like to consider a question before I answer it," says South African-born **Manfred**.

SCORPIO (October 24th – November 22nd)

Scorpions are strong believers in working before they can play. They see their aim and mean to get there, and get that aim out of the way. **Herman** *(born November 5th) is typical because he has tremendous drive and a magnetic personality. Their love-life goes up and down like a Yo-Yo. One minute everything's great and the next they're in the depths of despair. They are usually successful in the material world, but they are always striving onwards in search of greater happiness. "That's just like me!" agrees* **Herman**.

horoscope with the pop stars

SAGITTARIUS (November 23rd – December 21st)

Sagittarians are born optimists and they are always enthusiastic. They love to have people around them, but often have a great liking for travel. They couldn't travel around much more than **Jimi Hendrix** (born November 27th), who spends his time going from country to country. They have a fine sense of humour – listen to the words of **Jimi's** songs – and usually have a fund of amusing stories.. They are very frank and honest, which often hinders their love-life. A sport-loving lot, they are almost generous to a fault. "That sounds nice," grins **Jimi**.

Jimi Hendrix

Tony Blackburn

AQUARIUS (January 21st – February 19th)

If you are born under this sign you'll be very youthful for a long time. These types want facts and figures, not just theories, to convince them of anything. They believe greatly in the future and they're sure that it will be a rosy one. **Tony Blackburn** (born January 29th) is the ever-cheery, early-rising disc-jockey that starts the day off with a swing and he shows the Aquarian qualities of coolness and clear-headedness, that help them in emergencies. They are an independent type, but when they are in love they give their best and are remarkably steadfast, although they love the world, as a whole, rather than any one person.

CAPRICORN (December 22nd – January 20th)

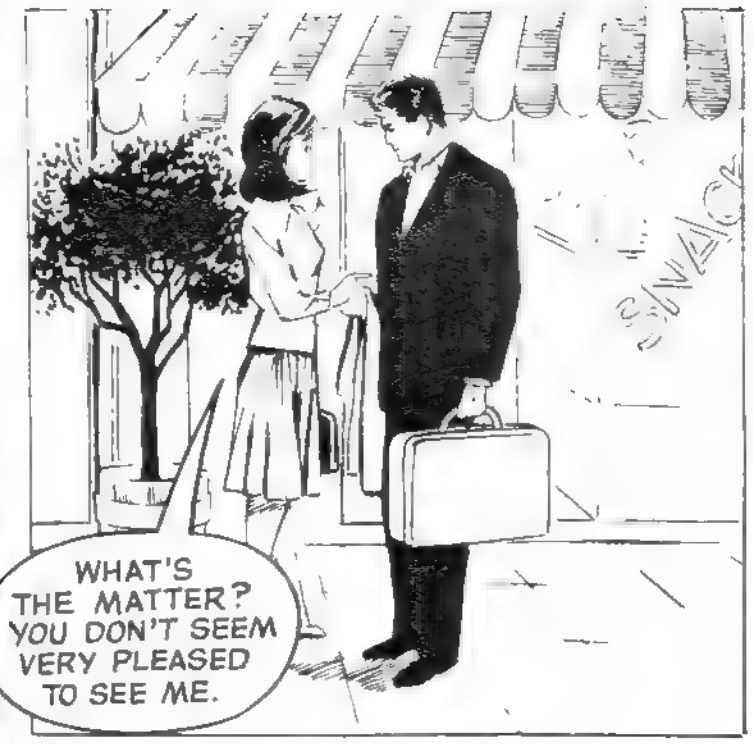
Capricorns are sometimes shy and afraid of rebuff. They may seem cool and aloof, but this is very misleading. **Mike Nesmith,** *(born December 30th), of* **The Monkees,** *has keen sense of humour and this is typical of these practically-minded people. They will never gamble, except on certainties. "That kinda sounds like me," drawls "Wool-Hat"* **Mike.** *They are often too intent on making sure that they are financially secure to bother about the softer side of life. When they do form a romantic attachment they are very sincere, tho' they do have this very strong fear of being turned down – they need all the affection you can give them.*

PISCES (February 20th – March 20th)

The Pisceans live in a world of inner mystery, and nothing delights them more than finding an element of mystery in the outer world. They are the most romantic types and usually are very attractive people who have a lot of admirers. No exception to this is **Mike D'Abo** *(born March 1st), lead singer with* **Manfred Mann.** *"I like poetic things," he says. "I write a lot of songs and I find they are often poetic, but I'm still trying to write something really great." In fact, although Pisceans often do write, they are usually very shy about showing their artistic work to other people. They usually write about the great love that they feel for people, as they are a very sensitive sort.*

SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT

IN LOVE!



JANE'S FATHER WASN'T SO SURE ABOUT THEIR IDEA TO GO AWAY TOGETHER THOUGH.
YOUNG MAN YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALISE THAT JANE IS MY ONLY DAUGHTER.

JANE AND HER DAD FOUND A HOTEL WHILE TONY WAS BUSY MOVING INTO HIS NEW LABORATORY

FRAGIL

FR

CAREFUL WITH THAT, IT'S WORTH A LOT OF MONEY.

GO ON, PLEASE.

DEFINITELY NO!

TONY WAS FIRM, SO JANE DECIDED TO TAKE THE MATTER INTO HER OWN HANDS.

PLEASE LET ME HELP I FEEL SO USELESS.

NOW COME ON DARLING, THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU.

BLOOOMMM!!

JANE SPEAK TO ME.

THE DOCTOR SAYS SHE NEEDS PLENTY OF REST.

IT'S ALL MY FAULT. I FEEL SO GUILTY.

SHE LOOKS SO PALE. I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF, NEVER!

GOODBYE DARLING. YOU NEED SOME REST, I'LL COME BACK LATER.

POOR KID.

NOW TRY TO TAKE A FIRM GRIP OF YOURSELF MY BOY.

TONY WAS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN HE TURNED AROUND IN AMAZEMENT.

JANE!

DARLING, I'M ALRIGHT REALLY!

PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR FRIGHTENING YOU, BUT I WAS SO SCARED YOU'D BE ANGRY WITH ME.

AND WHEN THEY WERE EVENTUALLY ALONE TOGETHER JANE COULDN'T HELP THINKING...

DADS MIGHT BE A DRAG, BUT THEY CERTAINLY COME IN HANDY SOMETIMES!

JANE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

YOU CRAZY GIRL. YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU.

TOP MARKS FOR DAD, THIS TIME.

COME ON, KIDS, WE'LL HAVE A NIGHT OUT ON THE TOWN.

AMEN CORNER

KEEP OUT PRIVATE CONFIDENTIAL STRICTLY FOR **FAT** GIRLS!

by Edith Stroud

Imagine yourself as an exotic bird, the feathered type, in a zoo. Imagine what the personal history notice would read like :— **HABITS :** Can't stop eating. Will eat **anything** given to it, so visitors, please do NOT feed. Is a beautiful singer. Trills two distinct songs all day long, and these are "Food, food, I want more food," and "I've tried so many diets but still I can't succeed in staying skinneeeee!" **COUNTRY OF ORIGIN:** Found all over the world, and is thought to be cross-bred between a dustbin and a Pelican or any other bird with a large bill.

Recognize yourself? It's all true, isn't it?

MOST fat girls are that way because they eat too much and of the wrong food.
MOST fat girls stay that way because they can't keep rigidly to a diet.
MOST fat girls' friends are fed up of hearing about yet another diet venture because they've heard so many before, and seen so little success. It's hardly surprising that they don't want to know or help, is it?
MOST fat girls are not jolly girls. They just pretend to be because people expect them to be . . . jolly! Anyway, a round moon face looks happier smiling than drooping.
MOST fat girls favourite reading matter is menus.
MOST fat girls want to be skinny.

The answer to all your problems lie in the very last sentence. You must **WANT** to get skinny before you will succeed and luckily, there are people now, who are interested in your need to get skinny. They're fat like you, too.

It is a club of sorts, called Weight Watchers, which is exclusively for fat people, organised exclusively by fat people so you needn't feel shy about joining and finding it's run by unbearably skinny do-gooders.

The idea of Weight Watchers is to help you to reorganise your way of eating and your way of thinking about food. The diet sheet—which is referred to as a programme, since it will be a lifetime programme of eating after they're through with you—is like every other diet sheet any doctor has ever given to you. The difference here, though, is the fact that someone is going to spare the time every week to encourage you when you're ready to give up again! And also, after a while, you'll begin to think of food as "edible" and "necessary" rather than "fantastic", "delicious" and so on. So in fact you'll soon learn to eat to live rather than live to eat.

A meeting is held once a week. When you join you're given a little booklet in which your weekly weight loss will be recorded. Then you're weighed, and your height measured—this is necessary to decide how much you ought to weigh. You're told that at the second meeting.

A joining fee of 21s. is charged, plus 14s. for every meeting, including the first. And in order to really get you into the habit of eating correctly, you *must* attend sixteen meetings without missing any. If you miss out one week you must pay double the next week, so it just isn't worth it. And besides if you miss one week, you might find it difficult to come the next week. Soon you'll find it difficult to follow the diet sheet without the encouragement of other fatties and you'll be back at square one with yet another failed diet.

The meetings are all very happy, casual things. People just sit around talking – mainly about food, of course, since it is one thing that everyone has in common. No-one ever gets bored on this subject.

IF you're thinking it's all too expensive and you can't afford it, you're wrong. You can. Work Saturday mornings. Ask friends to give you money instead of a birthday present, it will be well worth it. Explain why. They may not believe you at first, but as soon as the "new, skinny you" starts to appear, they will help!

IF you're thinking it's all puppy fat that will disappear eventually—you're wrong, It won't disappear without your help. Why not help it now?

IF You're thinking you're far too young to start slimming, you're wrong again. This is one time when Mum's needn't go mad because you're not getting the right vitamins and skipping vital meals, because you won't be doing that. And you will be eating usual things like meat and fish and bread like the rest of the family . . . the only difference is you will know when and how much to eat. You may, if you feel so inclined, polish off a pound of green beans. And if you're still hungry another pound of young bean sprouts can be eaten as well, without putting on an extra ounce!

IF you would like to know more about Weight Watchers, please write to Mrs. Bernice Weston, The Green, Datchet, Buckinghamshire. Or telephone SLOUGH 43678.

Good luck!

While you're making up your mind "to join or not to join" Weight Watchers, here are a few lighthearted hints on getting a new, beautiful skinny you.

1. Walk up a down escalator. Providing it isn't in the rush hour you should cover several miles and lose several pounds.
2. Swim in circles until you're dizzy, in a deserted pool. Makes a change from going from end to end in a straight line, and gets you into bikini shape.
3. Get to the bus stop two seconds late so that you have to belt after the bus.
4. Pretend there's been a train/bus strike. Borrow a friend's bicycle and pedal yourself to work.
5. Get off the bus two stops before the right one and walk home from there.
6. Pretend beans are the secret to instant weight loss and eat tons and tons of the stuff.
7. Run up stairs instead of walking.
8. Find a boss who's willing to run away from you then chase him round the desk.
9. At weekends borrow the friend's cycle again and point it in the direction of your Aunt who lives fifteen miles away. Keep cycling in that direction until you reach her. She'll be so overwhelmed by your effort to visit her, she'll probably pay your train (and the bicycle's) fare back.
10. Go dancing whenever possible, and frug (or whatever else one does!) the night and weight away.

BOYS PREFER BLONDES . . . BRUNETTES . . .

REDHEADS . . .

There is more to this than colouring

BOYS PREFER BLONDES . . . REDHEADS . . . BRUNETTES says Edith Stroud

Suddenly girls are being girls again.
Suddenly the angular lines in dress are giving way to gently rounded curves, feminine folds and frills.
Suddenly, with the exception of lipsticks, make-up is softening to a natural, natural cover up.
Suddenly hair is gentle cascades of flowing locks. Gone are the tortured, frizzed out messes. Gone are shorn 'butch-type' heads. Here to stay are glowing heads of soft, curls and waves. And it's mainly what the boys prefer . . . soft, feminine curls on . . . (wait for it!) soft, feminine girls. And mainly blondes, as you can see from my quick, quick survey.

Malcolm, dark-haired, blue-eyed Scotsman (doesn't wear kilts, unfortunately) likes dark-haired girls "Whose locks glint red in the sun." Just long and straight. Not tortured into the latest styles. "Girls with short hair seem more aggressive, somehow. Long hair makes them look and act feminine." He doesn't mind if they're not natural brunettes.

Tim, curly-haired, self-styled Casanova 1969, likes blondes, naturally! "Sunkissed blonde hair with beautiful highlights in the sun." In a group, invariably it is the blonde who makes the most impact on him. "I hate those obviously dyed blondes." He loves long hair. Finds, though, that the girls with shoulder-length hair are usually very gentle. While those sporting waist-length locks are rather precocious. "Most blondes are flirts, though usually nice flirts." He enjoys seeing blondes in open-top sports cars with their hair flowing behind them.

Richard, tall, good-looking temporary social worker until he goes up to Cambridge University, "finds blondes striking! Somehow, you notice them more than say, girls with mousey brown hair." He loves long hair, of course. Not waist-length. "Tends to get straggly too quickly." He is not wild about dyed blondes. Mainly because his eyes seem hypnotically drawn towards the dark roots. And they stay there absolutely riveted, until the girl notices him staring!

Leslie, tall blond photographer who sees oodles of devastating girls every day, likes (without hesitation) typically blonde ones. "There's something ethereal about them that is very attractive. They look as though they're going to disappear any minute." He loves to see long hair blowing around. It needn't be too long, just enough to frame the face. His second choice—redheads. "Very passionate!" he comments. Half the girls he's been out with were blondes, quarter redheads, and the rest were mixed.

Bob, shy, blond computer programmer, likes quiet, mousey brown, intelligent girls. Length of the mousey brown thatch was unimportant.

John, dark-haired, gangling folksinger-among-other-things, from Cambridge, loves girls. After much prompting he decided he liked dark-haired girls. "Not black. Just brown." Length? "Just girls," he muttered. Notice any unusual characteristics? "Just girls," he reiterated mushily, so I abandoned the survey and left him drooling about girls.

Designed by Elida of Paris, the hairstyles–on pages–are guaranteed with the minimum of effort to create maximum havoc with male emotions at any party or dance. Try them and see!

(Below) This style is most easily achieved with the help of a postiche, and looks so much more effective. It should be set first before attaching it to the head, of course . . . makes things so much easier!

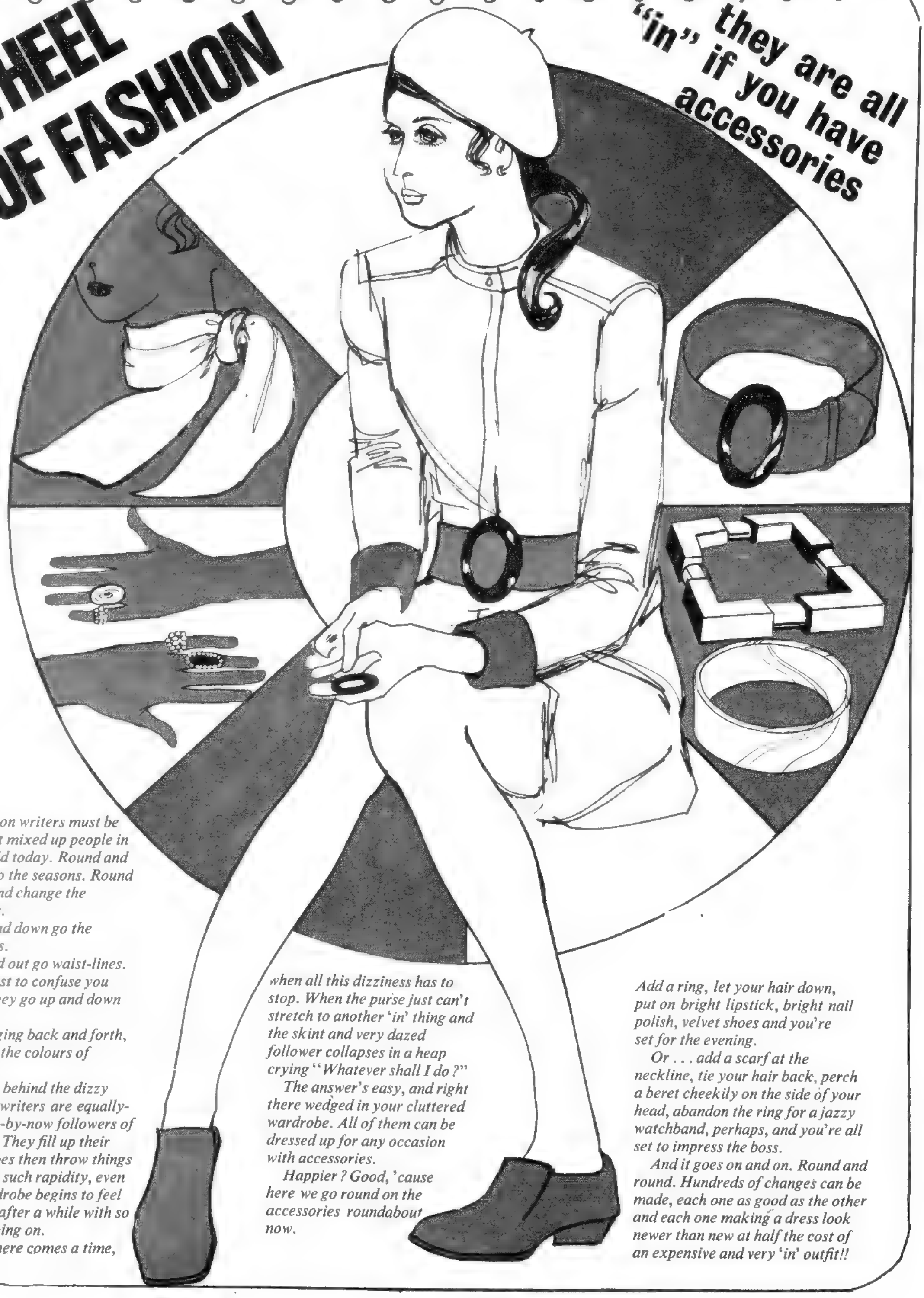
Separate the hair into small strands and back-comb each strand individually. Smooth and pin into loose curls as shown, leaving one strand loose. Then brush the fringe and crown smoothly to the head. Sweep the ends of the hair into a french pleat, and using this as a base, attach the postiche firmly to the pleat and spray.

(Above) This style is even easier than its opposite number as you can see from the 'setting' diagrams.

Brush through in the direction of the set. Divide the front and crown out of the way. Flick sides forwards on to the face. Take the front section of the hair, divide into two parts and back-comb each separately. Now weave the righthand section under the left and brush into a loose curl. Pin ends and spray lightly.

The result of both styles are simple and elegant, and, of course, quite, quite beautiful, in whatever colour your hair happens to be.

WHEEL OF FASHION



they are all "in" if you have accessories

Fashion writers must be the most mixed up people in the world today. Round and round go the seasons. Round and round change the fashions.

Up and down go the hemlines.

In and out go waist-lines. Then, just to confuse you more, they go up and down as well!

Swinging back and forth, too, are the colours of course!

Close behind the dizzy fashion writers are equally-as-dizzy-by-now followers of fashion. They fill up their wardrobes then throw things out with such rapidity, even the wardrobe begins to feel strange after a while with so much going on.

But there comes a time, when all this dizziness has to stop. When the purse just can't stretch to another 'in' thing and the skint and very dazed follower collapses in a heap crying "Whatever shall I do?"

The answer's easy, and right there wedged in your cluttered wardrobe. All of them can be dressed up for any occasion with accessories.

Happier? Good, 'cause here we go round on the accessories roundabout now.

Add a ring, let your hair down, put on bright lipstick, bright nail polish, velvet shoes and you're set for the evening.

Or . . . add a scarf at the neckline, tie your hair back, perch a beret cheekily on the side of your head, abandon the ring for a jazzy watchband, perhaps, and you're all set to impress the boss.

And it goes on and on. Round and round. Hundreds of changes can be made, each one as good as the other and each one making a dress look newer than new at half the cost of an expensive and very 'in' outfit!!

THE HOLLIES

SIMON DUPREE AND THE BIG SOUND

GOING TO

Something Afoot!

Buried in thick winter boots; encased in sweaty wellingtons and clumpy shoes for most of the year you rarely notice your feet until the first days of summer when they emerge looking extremely sorry for themselves with added dimensions in the way of corns and bunions; rough heels, and toenails that threaten to borrow sole-wards to Australia.

Joining them in their sorrow won't help matters. It is time to be constructive. Time to make up for your neglect. Time to indulge and get them back into tip top condition.

Chances are last summer caught you mid-month when your budget wouldn't stretch to buying special foot-pampering beauty products. If it happens this summer again, don't panic! You can raid your cosmetic bag for all necessities.

Start with a good soak. After fifteen minutes plunged in hot water flavoured with your most expensive bath oil if you have it, or a liberal helping of Radox bath salts, you should be able to see all faults quite clearly. But first dry gently with a large fluffy towel and scatter talcum lavishly over them.

Extreme cases of large, painful bunions and corns definitely require expert attention so if this is your problem make an appointment with a chiropodist as soon as you can. Meanwhile, don't attempt any sort of home do-it-yourself treatment for getting rid of them. You can, however, cover up unsightly redness temporarily with a dark foundation cream or Max Factor's Erace.

To curb the tendency to go south, simply cut the nails straight across. Push back cuticles and rub in Pond's cuticle cream. Paint on a base coat then cover with natural coloured varnish.

And if you don't mind looking ridiculous, rest your heels in two lemon halves for about five minutes (helps soften the hard skin). Wipe dry. Rub briskly with a pumice stone to get rid of roughness, then smooth in lots of hand lotion.

Walking around barefoot for an entire weekend does wonders for dropped arches, and corns may recede to minute spots.

Make this a weekly ritual and it is possible you'll find it much easier rectifying little faults regularly than tackling a major overhaul say, once a year.

For those of you who feel that your feet are beyond tentative home do's, it is well worth indulging in a full beauty treatment called The Miss Schol Pedicure Plus Service at one of many Schol salons throughout the country. From just 12s. 6d., (in the provinces, and 21s. in London) and about forty-five minutes well-spent, your feet are "given the works!" Trained, friendly and very young Chiropodists watch over and advise you throughout the treatment which involves a warm steam and ozone ten-minutes; electric massage; hand massage with perfumed moisturising creams; and dusting of talc and cologne. And while you're enjoying the process of someone else being responsible for producing feet just too beautiful for words, you can relax and sip a cup of coffee. Free! All part of Miss Schol Beauty Service, of course.

Overheard . . . "Anyone can tell if your shoes are uncomfortable . . . it shows on your face." So let your face be the barometer to your "fair weather" feet!

FOOTNOTE

Schol sandals aren't news. But the latest craze for painting jazzy patterns all over them, even on the leather strap, is. And you can do it yourself. So, all potential-Picassos get painting. All you need are several bright acrylic paints, and a coat of shellac to set the design. Go wild. Go gay. Paint spots, strips, squares . . . there's no limit at all.

EXTREMITIES

Hands on Trial!

DRAMA IN TWO PARTS

ACT I:

Scene: It is night and a young couple are sitting watching telly. It is you and your boyfriend.

Darling, he murmurs, tenderly caressing your hand.

The silence is shattered by a scritch-scratching noise coming from the direction of your hands. It's not his car-worn thumb, but your horny hand that's responsible for that!

Embarrassed?

So you should be. Neglecting the beauty session for one week is understandable. But ignoring the gradual deterioration until this moment is unforgivable.

And if that's not enough, the nails are appalling! They're split and chewed off bits of nothing . . . ugh!

ACT II:

Scene: The young girl (you) stands in the dock and is found guilty of neglect. The judge sentences her to take care of them permanently from now on.

Where do I start? you wail.

Easy. If you can afford it, make an appointment for a professional manicure right away. The end product of one of these is quite beautiful and a marvellous incentive to keep your hands that way.

If you cannot afford a professional one at the moment, here's an eight-minute home manicure prepared by Cutex.

1. Swab nails with Oily Polish Remover.
2. Shape nails with Emery board—using rough side for shaping and smooth side for buffing and finishing.
3. Wrap sliver of Cotton Wool round pointed end of orange Stick, dip into Oily Cuticle Remover then gently and quickly work around cuticles.
4. Wash hands—lightly scrubbing fingernails.
5. Dry hands and apply Cutex Hand Lotion.
6. Swab nails once again with Polish Remover.
7. Apply Base Coat thinly.
8. Apply two thin coats of polish.

Then smooth hand cream over lavishly.

At the end of four weeks there should be a definite improvement. The roughness will have given way to soft, velvety skin, and the nails should look more like nails.

HAND HINTS

If your horny hands are even more hornier than I imagined, belt round to a Chemist *NOW* and invest in a pair of cotton gloves and a jar of Vaseline. Tonight, just before you leap into bed, cover your hands thickly with Vaseline, then slip on the gloves. Tomorrow morning they may not look very different but keep plodding on with this routine. With luck, three mornings later you'll not recognize them. No horniness, just soft, dimpled, lovely-to-hold-forever hands will stare up at you.

You're half-dressed. Your fingernails are in a mess, and he's sitting on the doorbell. Pluck him off the doorbell, push him into a chair and tell him you'll be ready in just two seconds. Haul out your new Self Adhesive false fingernails and do just that. No time wasted. No trouble taken. Just stick them straight on to your nails and jiggle them into position. By Eylure, they cost just 15s. 6d., and come in regular and pearl shades. The pack contains fourteen assorted fingernail sizes, a tube of glue and a capsule of glue remover.

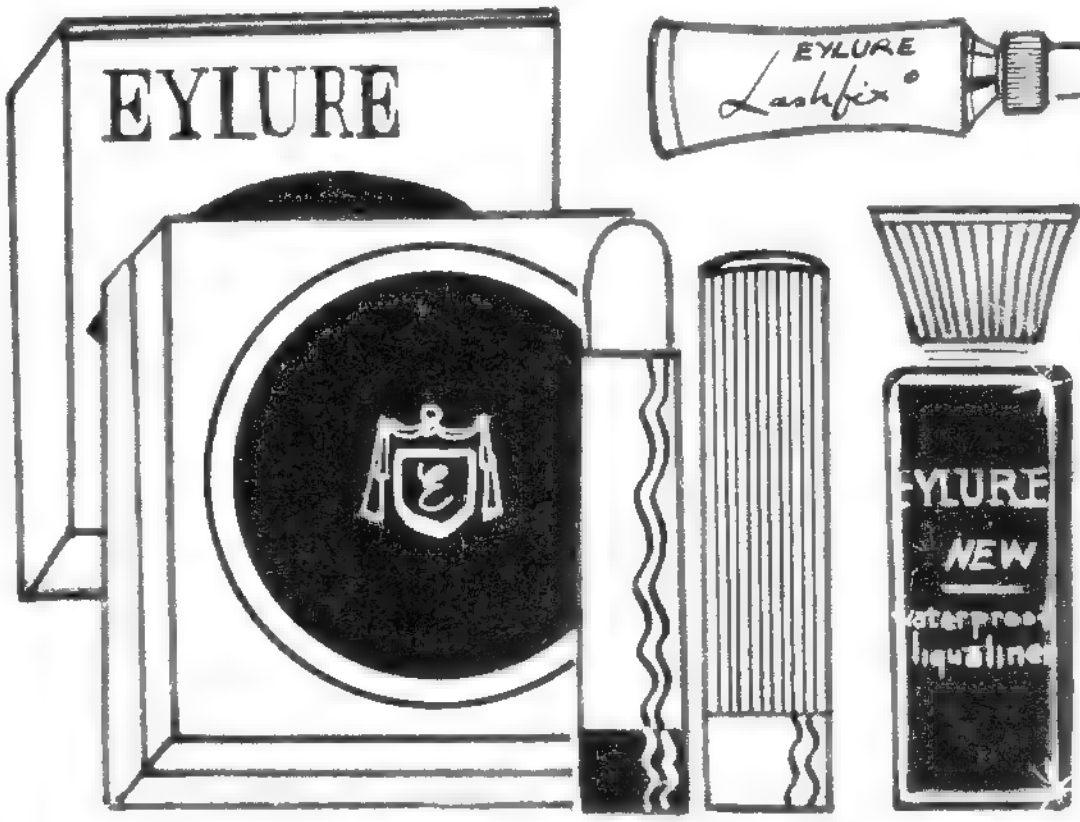
Christmas is a time when everything glitters and glows. Make sure you do your glittering bit as well, by painting your nails with Cutex Opaline Frosted polish. Colours range from Ice white through to Warm Gold and cost 5s. 6d.

Ever tried to balance a bottle of nail polish on your knee while you're under the hairdryer? Ever manage to spill it all over everything? It's obviously happened to one of the people at Cutex who invented the Cutex Manicurist in desperation. As you can see from our picture, all you do is tip up the bottle and the brush zooms out in a ready-to-paint position, already covered with enough polish for three fingernails. To "re-fuel" just push the brush gently against the nail. Price: 8s. 6d.

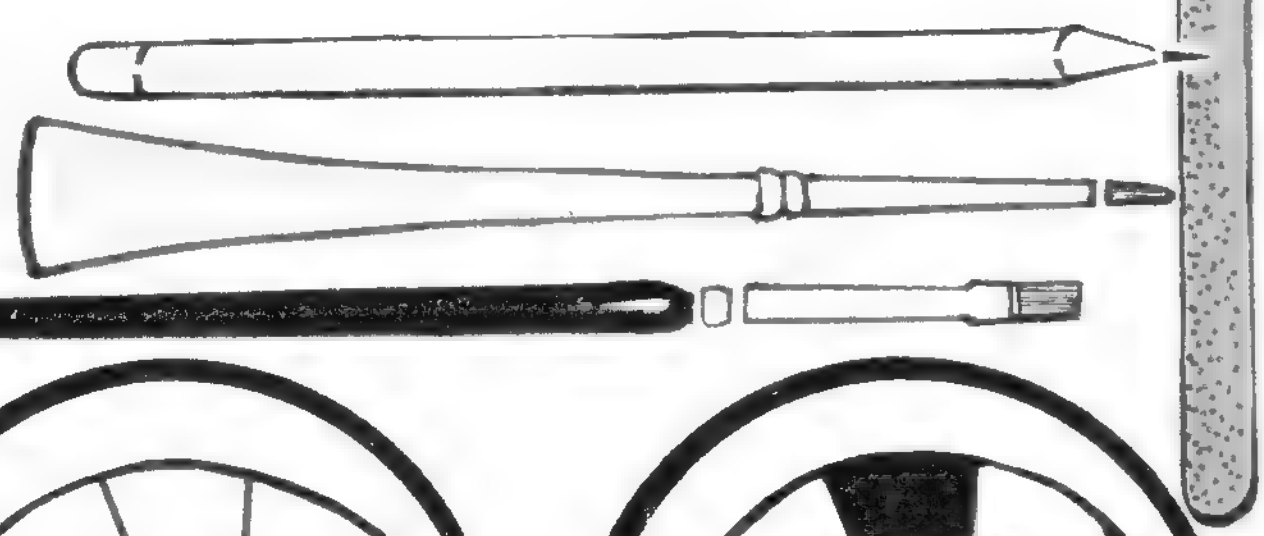
THE TROGGS

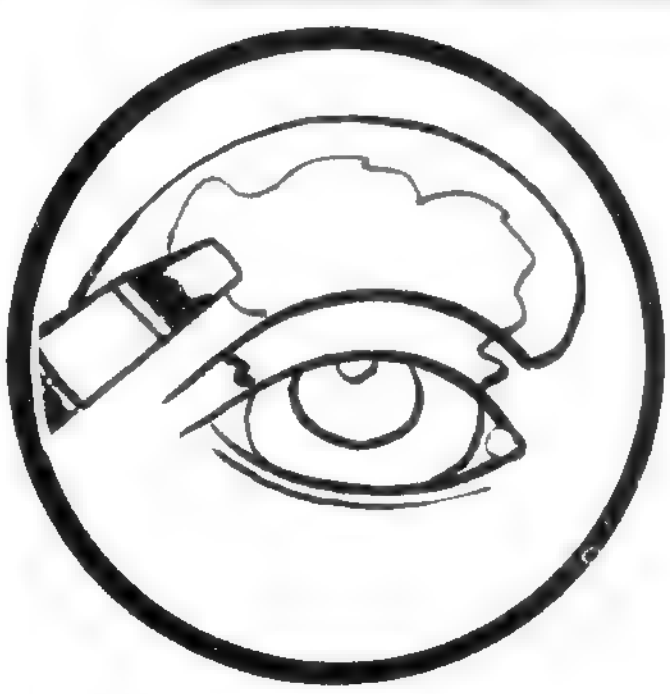
SPENCER DAVIS GROUP

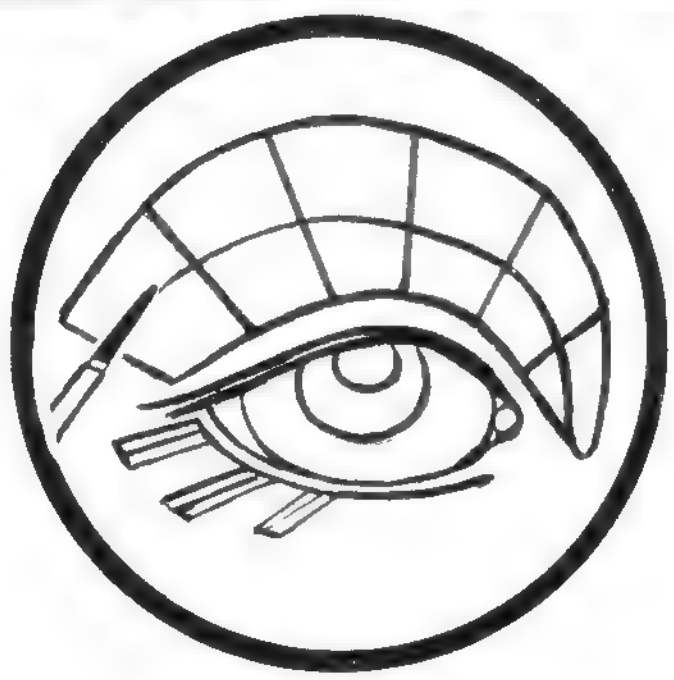
An eye for all seasons

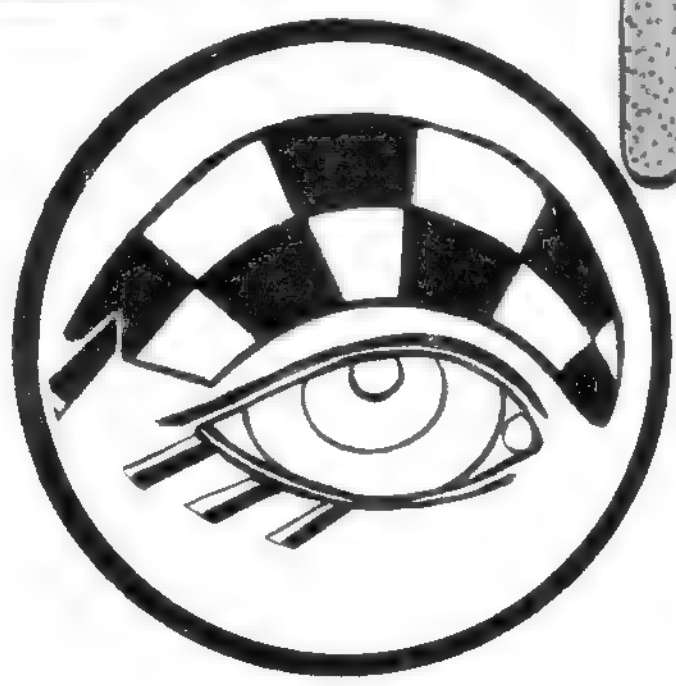


"Eye" is for impact all the year round. And here are subtle secrets, told by Jackie of Eylure's LET'S FACE IT salon at 8, Grosvenor Street, London, W.1., of how to get and keep that perennial pow! And develop it even more for parties and Christmas.



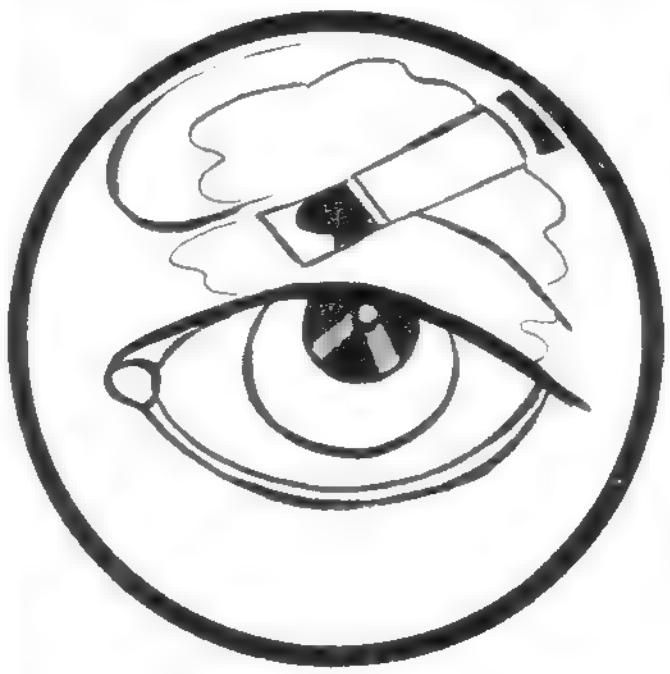




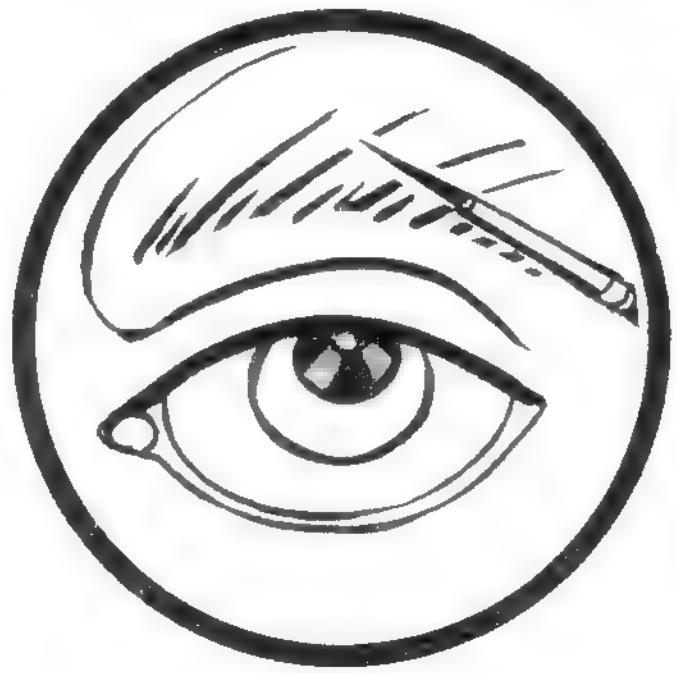


The party eye needs no explanation at all! Use black and white eye shadows and eyeliners for impact, and after completing the basic eye, just follow the party eye diagrams closely. Black liquid eyeliner was used for the outlines of the chequerboard and for filling in the black squares. The result may not be attractive but it is startling. And attention-getting! I know, I wore it round London for a day. Felt like a 'pop' person!! Everyone, but everyone just stared, and stared, and stared.

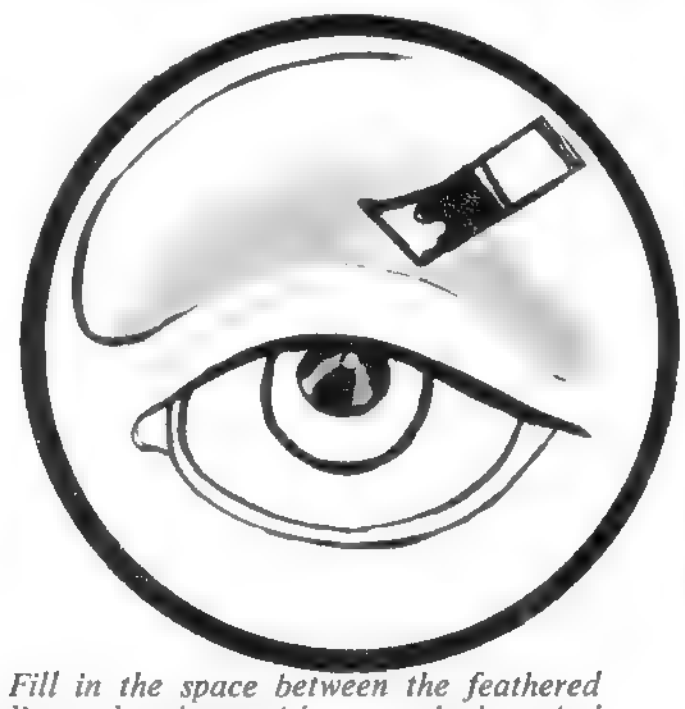
Surprise them with your eyes!



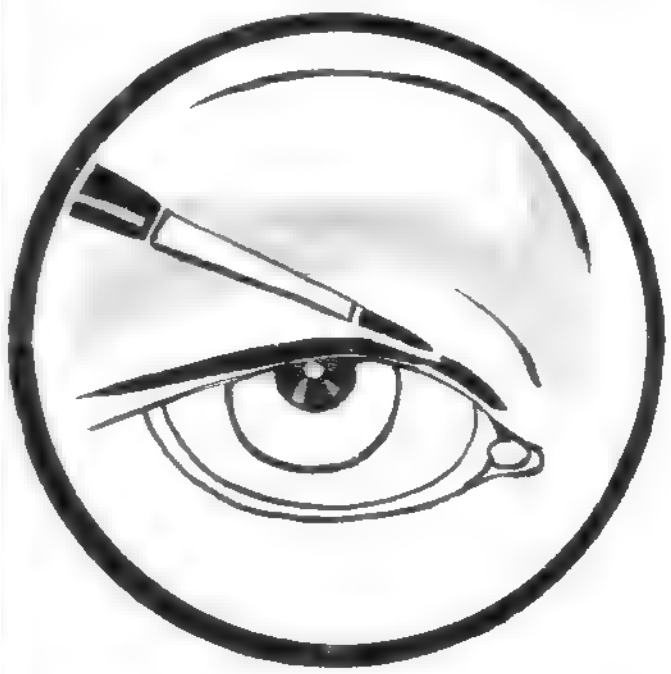
All artists start with a blank canvas, so blot out your entire eyelid right up to the brow with white or beige eye shadow.



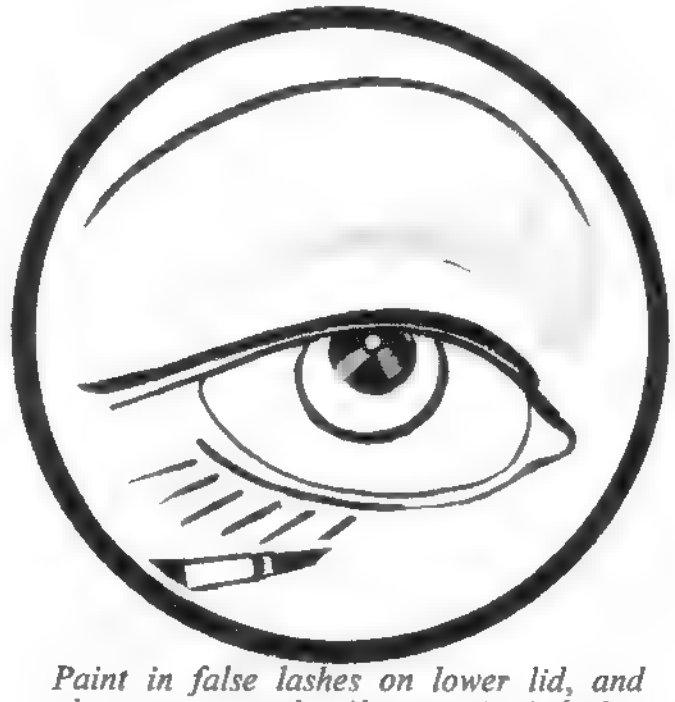
Feather in line above socket of eyelid and take it straight across, not curved, to help the eye look less droopy.



Fill in the space between the feathered line and eyebrow with cream shadow. And take it down the sides of the nose. This gives eyes that vacant, appealing, wide-apart look. Apply the cream shadow with a stiff brush.



Draw in a thin, solid line close to the eye-lashes and again extend the line straight across to the edge of the eye.

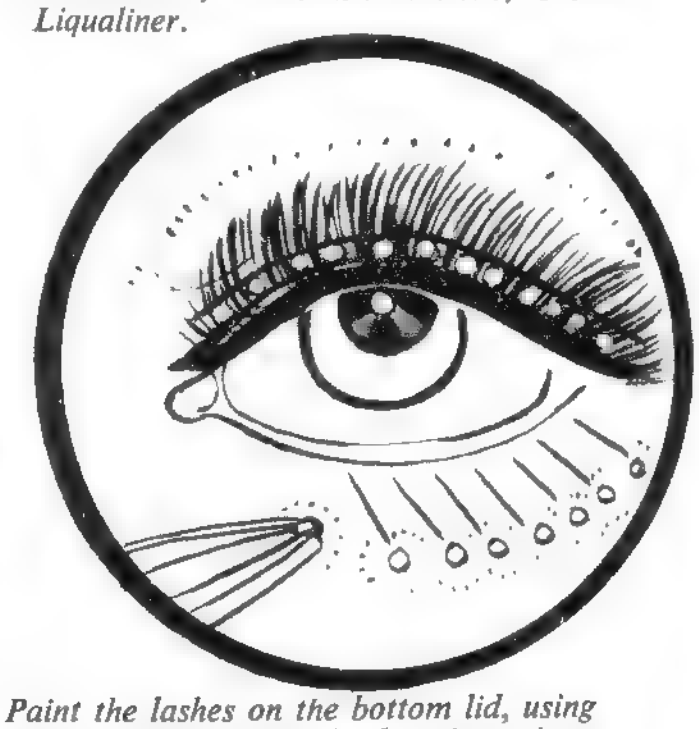


Paint in false lashes on lower lid, and always at an angle. Always paint in lashes just from the centre of the lid and out to the edge, never paint all the way round. Takes away the sagging look once again.

Add the false eyelashes. Mascara them. For this, Jackie used Desert Sand (Beige and powder) eye shadow; dark brown cake Shado-liner; white Shado-stick; brown Liqualiner.

So, for the special occasion eye make-up, smooth on green cream shadow in the space between the feathered line and the brow.

Exchange the ordinary false eyelashes for the jewelled type. Preferably with matching green jewels.



Paint the lashes on the bottom lid, using green eyeliner, also the line just above lashes and add individual green jewels (found in the lashes pack)!

DENNIS WATERMAN

of "Up the Junction" fame

LOVE ON A CLEVER LEVEL

MUM, AS ONE OF A SIX-GIRL FAMILY HAD LEARNED ALL ABOUT BEING A GOOD HOUSEWIFE, AND LOVED IT. AND SHE JUST COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY, I, HER ONLY CHILD AND DAUGHTER COULD NOT SHARE HER ENTHUSIASM FOR THESE WOMANLY CHORES.!

IT'S NO USE, MUM. I CAN'T DO THAT IRONING. I'M PRACTISING FOR THE PLAY AT THE EVENING SCHOOL TONIGHT.

OH? WELL, NEVER MIND THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW.

BUT I COULD ALWAYS FIND EXCUSES

THERE WE ARE. ALL READY FOR TOMORROW. I'VE EVEN DAMPENED THEM SO YOU CAN GET STRAIGHT ON TO IRONING

TOMORROW'S OUT AS WELL. I'VE GOT FRENCH LESSONS AT JACQUE'S DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE MUM. I'VE TOO MUCH TO DO. TO LEARN. I WANT TO BE AN ACTRESS. A CLEVER ACTRESS, NOT JUST A HOUSEWIFE

SO NOW A LITTLE BIT OF SHAKESPEARE...

WHEN WILL YOU GET THE TIME, DORA? YOU'RE ALWAYS RUSHING OFF HERE DOING FRENCH. GADDING THERE SINGING. I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOUR POOR HUSBAND IF AND WHEN YOU GET MARRIED

DAD SEEMED LESS WORRIED ABOUT ME

OH, DAVID I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH OUR CHILD. SHE'LL WANT TO GET MARRIED SOME DAY AND SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO COOK AN EGG

I'VE TRIED AND TRIED TO TEACH HER THINGS, BUT YOU KNOW SHE WON'T LISTEN. ALWAYS THERE'S SOMETHING BETTER TO DO. READING, ACTING...

THERE, LISTEN TO THAT. NOT SATISFIED WITH THAT LOT, SHE HAS TO SING AS WELL

OH, LET HER BE MUM. YOU NEVER WANTED TO BE ANYTHING EXCEPT A HOUSEWIFE, AND FOR THAT I'M VERY GLAD. BUT DORA IS YOUNG AND WANTS THE MOON. SHE'LL COME ROUND TO THINKING ABOUT BEING A HOUSEWIFE LATER ON...

ANYWAY, THINK HOW PROUD WE'LL BOTH BE IF SHE DOES BECOME A SUCCESSFUL ACTRESS OR SOMETHING

SHE'LL BE SOME SORT OF SUCCESS, JUST WAIT AND SEE

I WISH I HAD YOUR OPTIMISM

AS USUAL A VISITOR CAME AT THE WRONG MOMENT

WELL, WELL. WHAT IS THE SUBJECT TODAY? STUFFING YOUR TINY MIND WITH BALLET? NO? OH, I SEE... IT'S THE MAN HIMSELF, SHAKESPEARE!

COME ON. LEAVE HIM ALONE JUST FOR A WHILE AND OIL YOUR COGS, AND WHEELS AND THINGS IN YOUR TINY MIND WITH A CUP OF COFFEE. I'M PAYING...

JUST A TINY, TINY CUP OF COFFEE. IT WILL CLEAR AWAY THE COBWEBS

NO THANKS. YOU GO AND CLEAR YOUR MIND. I DON'T HAVE COB-WEBS AND THINGS IN MINE

BESIDES, HAVING READ SOMETHING REALLY WONDERFUL I COULDN'T BEAR TO LISTEN TO YOU

OH, THANKS... FOR NOTHING!

WELL, DON'T STRAIN YOUR BRAIN READING TOO MANY WONDERFUL THINGS, WILL YOU

OH, GROW UP GERRY! YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS

IF YOU WOULD JUST SAY SOMETHING, ONCE, THAT IS MORE INTERESTING THAN THIS I'D GO OUT WITH YOU RIGHT, RIGHT NOW

BUT I DO. I SAY FASCINATING THINGS ALL THE TIME. YOU JUST DON'T LISTEN

THEY COULD NOT HAVE BEEN ALL THAT FASCINATING, REALLY. OTHERWISE I WOULD HAVE LISTENED, WOULDN'T I?

OH, WHAT'S THE USE. I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND GIRLS!

GUESS SHE'S RIGHT I'M HARDLY EVER SERIOUS ABOUT ANYTHING

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SON? I THOUGHT YOU WERE TAKING DORA OUT FOR COFFEE?

SO DID I, BUT FOUND I HAD A RIVAL... SHAKESPEARE!

"OFF TO READ WONDERFUL WORDS OF SHAKESPEARE'S" WAS WHAT SHE SAID

OH, REALLY? ANY IDEA WHERE SHE WENT TO DO THIS?

BACK INTO HER HOUSE, SOMEWHERE

WELL, DON'T YOU WORRY. I'LL POP NEXT DOOR IN A MINUTE AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT...

MEANWHILE, I'M GOING TO HAVE A CUP OF TEA. WANT SOME?

TEA, DID YOU SAY?

YES, PLEASE!

A FEW DAYS LATER.. IT WAS THE SAME STORY

LEAVE YOUR FRENCH LESSONS JUST FOR TODAY AND COME OUT FOR A WHILE

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN LIFE THAN LEARNING TO SPEAK FRENCH, YOU KNOW.

OH? LIKE WHAT? I SUPPOSE YOU FEEL LIKE MUM AND THE REST THAT I SHOULD BE SEWING, COOKING AND THINGS LIKE THAT. WELL I WON'T. I JUST WON'T.

HEEEEY, STEADY ON. NO-ONE SAID YOU MUST DO ANY OF THESE THINGS. I'M ALL FOR A GIRL HAVING MORE UNDER HER BLONDE THATCH HERE THAN DIZZINESS! WHAT I AM SAYING, THOUGH, IS THAT YOU SHOULD PUT PEOPLE BEFORE THINGS.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M SORRY

ANYWAY, I REALLY CAME TO SAY GOODBYE. I'M GOING AWAY TO COLLEGE FOR A YEAR

LIFE WENT ON JUST THE SAME AFTER THAT. I PLOUGHED THROUGH ALL MY CLASSES QUITE SUCCESSFULLY, AND HAD LANDED A VERY SMALL PART IN A TELEVISION PLAY. I MISSED GERRY, FUNNILY ENOUGH. AND HE DIDN'T EVEN WRITE TO ME ONCE.

I HEAR YOUNG GERRY IS GETTING ON VERY WELL IN COLLEGE. SEEMED TO BE RAKING IN ALL THE PRIZES GOING

ANY IDEA WHAT HE IS READING?

OH, SHAKESPEARE I SUPPOSE. AND APPARENTLY HE TOLD HIS MOTHER HE'D JUST BEEN VOTED BEST ACTOR IN COLLEGE THIS YEAR

ALSO SPEAKS FLUENT FRENCH AND GOES TO DRAMA SCHOOL, I BELIEVE. OH, YES, AND HE'LL BE HOME TOMORROW.

CERTAINLY SOUNDS BUSY, INDEED

GERRY COMING HOME? SUDDENLY I FELT QUITE SICK. YOU KNOW A MUDDLE OF FEAR AND LOVE ALL BUNDLED UP TOGETHER IN MY STOMACH

OH EXCUSE ME I DON'T FEEL TOO GOOD

HE WAS, AS I THOUGHT HE WOULD BE...A LITTLE OLDER...A LITTLE MORE SERIOUS

HELLO, DORA. STILL BURYING YOUR HEAD IN BOOKS AND THINGS?

NOT SO MUCH NOW. I'VE EVEN FOUND TIME TO SEW AND COOK RECENTLY! WHAT ABOUT YOU?

ME? WELL I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THIS MAGNIFICENT PERSON OVER A CUP OF COFFEE! WOULD YOU LIKE SOME?

PLEASE. IT HAD BETTER BE SEVERAL BECAUSE WHEN YOU'VE TOLD ALL, I HAVE LOTS TO TELL YOU, AND I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE BACK, AND I MISSED YOU, AND....

I JUST WENT ON AND ON. THE WORDS CAME TUMBLING OUT HEAD OVER HEELS... THERE WAS A YEAR'S FRIENDSHIP MISSING... AND I WANTED TO FILL THE GAP QUICKLY.

The END

POP NIGHTMARE

By EDITH STROUD

"Deadline 10.30!"

The voice of the Editor crackled into silence as Sally put the phone down. Her mind bursting with blankness, she turned to her typewriter.

"Oh, why does that phrase have such a numbing effect on me?" she thought in anguish. "After all I've been doing this reporting now for at least a week."'

She stared at the sheet of paper in the typewriter unseeingly. The outlines blurred. Pretty soon it disappeared altogether.

"We want Sally. We want Sally." The chant grew louder and louder. A mob of long-haired youths leaned forward to grab the terrified girl reporter who was on stage. Owlish glasses completely obscuring her face, king-size pen and notebook in hand she was scribbling frantically.

"And how did you make your first record, James?" she screamed hysterically down the microphone.

Silence. Then titters and shouts of "James. James. Where are you, James? Sally wants to know how did you make your first record."

"I put two ounces of butter into a mixing bowl . . ." drawled someone sarcastically, which set up another round of hyena-like cackles.

"No, I mean what inspired you to produce that one?"

"What do you mean, what inspired me to produce the record? That's rather a daft question, isn't it? I mean, what inspired you to ask me that question?" mumbled an ownerless voice.

She peered into the darkness but could not make out if this was James.

"All right, forget about that."

"Forget about that, forget about that . . ." the phrase mimicked itself around the room.

"Tell me about girlfriends," Sally said in desperation. "What was your earliest girlfriend like? Can you remember?"

A few snide remarks were made, then a new and very authoritative James silenced them with "Oh, come off it you guys. You've had your fun, now let's be serious."

"Can't you see," he continued "the poor kid's got to get her copy somehow?"

He turned to Sally. "My first girlfriend? Now let me see . . ." he scratched his head and tried to remember. "She was at Muldoon's Primary and we were both six."

This sudden change of events was too much for Sally. She could cope with any sort of obnoxiousness but kindness just broke her up.

Tears dribbled down her cheeks and she groped round in her coat pocket for a hanky.

"Oh," she wiped away the tears. "How very stupid I am," she mumbled. "Here he is, probably about to give me the best copy I've had for ages and I'm blubbering so much I can't hear, let alone concentrate. I can't see. Amd most of all I can't bear it at all."

James stopped in mid-sentence. Looked up. And registered the fact that Sally was in a state. He pushed a path through the crowd of rather embarrassed spectators to get to her side to comfort her. But he was too late. Four figures dressed in weird gear had climbed on to the stage, picked up the recumbent Sally who'd fainted away with fright, and holding her aloft were going towards a large bus that stood outside.

The crowd suddenly came to life and leapt after them, pushing and shoving through to the stage door. They scrambled out of the windows, too, but were too late. En masse, they stopped and stared at the bus which pelted past and off into the distance.

Inside the bus, Sally woke up. "Where am I?" she asked. "Who are you?" she questioned three curious faces which were about an inch from her nose.

They leapt back with fright, then returned slowly.

"Oh, the blank one speaks," said one face in astonished tones.

"So she does," remarked another face with its chin on some hands. "Do you suppose she'll squeak if we pinch her?"

"Possibly", replied another. "Shall **we try** *?"*

"You will do no such thing!" blazed Sally catapulting out of pinching reach. "Who are you? Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?" She nodded to each in turn waiting for a reply. Then answered the three mystified faces which were now peering up from a frightened position on the floor. "You're the Beatles!" She sniffed haughtily. "That's who you are. I know. I recognize the moustaches."

"Moustaches?" they sang out in unison scratching at completely bald upper lips.

"This girl needs glasses," whispered one to another. "So she does," replied the other Beatle. "So, she does."

"I believe she wore a pair on stage, actually," mumbled one Beatle. "Didn't she?" he queried.

They huddled in a corner wondering what they should do about the glasses. Occasionally they glanced back at Sally who sat stiffly, blindly and aloof on the back of a seat.

"I know," said the Beatle driver who'd been silent all this time. "I've got a good idea." He turned round to tell everyone about it when . . . C-R-A-S-H! . . . the bus plunged into a hole in the middle of the road.

Wild-eyed and frightened, and not even scratched, Sally climbed out through the back window. From the front of the bus where the others had slithered came a muffled version of YELLOW SUBMARINE.

Just beside the bus, looking rather worried, was Tom Jones. "I say," he said. "Do you think you could get this bus out of the way? It's stopped my digging. I'm a coalminer, you know."

"I thought the charts were all you were interested in digging," said Sally jokingly.

"No. Seriously," he continued, "I want to get on with my digging. Singing is all very well, but there comes a time when one must dig, dig, dig holes in the ground."

Suddenly a peculiar humming sound made Sally look up just in time to see a huge cloud of dust in the distance. It gathered momentum steadily and headed vaguely towards her. She panicked. "It's that mob. They're after me again!"

She plunged headlong through a hedge beside the road and raced across a field. She looked back and ran smack! . . . into a scarecrow. It was Jimi Hendrix. "Well, well, and what can I do for you?" he droned.

"Ooer! Please leave me alone. Please leave me alone. I'm being chased by that lot there, already," she pointed towards them.

He turned to see "that lot" and Sally fled.

Jimi swivelled round as he heard her scamper away. "Hey," he yelled. "Where are you off to?" And then, "Who are they, anyway?"

He turned back to stare once more. "I'm frightened," he whispered and his golliwog eyes grew bigger and bigger. Suddenly, he too plunged after her and away from the mob.

By this time, the mob had reached the bus and stared at the dishevelled figures of the Beatles as they made their bruised and painful way out of the back windows. "Oh," groaned one clutching his back as he landed with a thump beside the bus. Then, straightened up slowly. "Where's the blank one?" he asked no-one in particular.

"Who?" queried someone in the mob.

"The blank one," reiterated the Beatle. "You know, the one who needed glasses."

"If it's the person we think you're talking about," said a voice, "we're looking for her as well."

"Well, then. What have you done with her?" asked the Beatle.

"We? Done with her? It's more like what have you *done with her?" exploded another member of the mob.*

The spokesman seemed to be a tall blond boy . . . in fact Gary Taylor of THE HERD. "Now what do we do?"

"I don't care what you do, but please remove yourselves and your bus from this hole!" raved an angry Tom Jones. "How can I possibly continue to be a coalminer if untidy people will clutter up coalmining holes with buses!"

"Oh, who's a grumpy one to-day?" said one Beatle. "Come on fellers. Help us get this bus out will you. And save a certain Mr. Tomas Tones from blowing his brains out!"

They heaved and shoved and uttered loads of groaning noises, and eventually got it back on the road again.

By now Sally was well away and running faster as she heard the steady clump, clump of Jimi Hendrix's feet. "They're catching up," she panicked putting her legs into top running gear. "What'll I do?" she panted.

The steps behind her thundered closer. She turned just in time to glimpse Jimi before she plunged groundwards with her foot caught firmly by the root of an old oak tree.

Ages later she opened her eye. The sky was darkened towards evening; her head was twanging Jimi Hendrix style and she saw stars . . . four of them!

She shook her head gently. And slowly opened her eyes again. They were still there. So was the twanging in her head.

A-third-shake-and-opening-of-eyes-later, she realised she was neither seeing nor hearing things. In front of her stood THE HERD in all their glory – the mob had caught up with her! And Jimi Hendrix, completely exhausted, sat moodily plucking the

strings of his guitar just beside her ear – hence twanging!

"Huhh!" she gasped putting her hands over her mouth.

"What must I do now?" her eyes swivelled over the mob with horror.

The slowly, very slowly, Gary subsided to her level. The mob followed suit in one soft, sigh of movement.

"Sally," Gary said gently. "Please don't run away, again"

He took her hand and held it. "In fact, we all felt very bad."

"Very bad, very bad . . ." nodded the mob in agreement.

"And just wanted to apologise for frightening you."

"You know," he continued, "you're really doing a tremendous job. We're not always helpful to reporters, because . . ." he stopped to think. "Well, they're pretty dimwitted, some of them – and after a morning of interviews we're really rather tired by the time the afternoon comes round."

He paused, "Do you see?"

She nodded seriously.

Then smiled shyly.

Then grinned.

All this time Gary watched her intently.

Suddenly she threw back her head and laughed. It was all so silly really.

"Oh, Gary I do love you!" She hugged him. "And you," she hugged another, and another, and another. . .

Pretty soon they were back to square one with all the long-haired mob chanting "We want Sally! We want Sally!" and clamouring to get hugged.

Suddenly the telephone jangled loudly. The typwriter came back into focus. Sally had been dreaming. Her finger poised above the keyboard all set to type out SHOWBIZ SHORTZ.

She reached out blankly for the phone. It was now nine o'clock and the voice snapped out

DEADLINE 10.30

"Yes sir," sang back Sally, "copy coming up in ten minutes, sir."

A SPORTING CHANCE

WE HAD COME AWAY ON A HOLIDAY ORGANISED BY THE COLLEGE...

WHAT A SMASHING PLACE TO STAY!

IT'S MARVELLOUS!

AREN'T YOU GLAD WE CAME, MO?

AS LONG AS THAT ROTTEN MISS BROWN KEEPS OUT OF THE WAY!

THE OTHER TWO STIFLED GIGGLES WHEN MISS BROWN ADDRESSED JUDY LIKE A TWO-YEAR-OLD...

I HOPE YOU'LL SET A GOOD EXAMPLE, JUDY.

NOW WE'RE HERE HOW ABOUT SOME FUN?

ANY IDEAS, JUDY?

THE OTHER TWO BUCKED-UP WHEN JUDY TOLD THEM THERE WERE SOME BOYS FROM ANOTHER COLLEGE STAYING NEAR BY...

SHALL WE LOOK THEM UP, JUDY?

BRILLIANT IDEA!

COME ALONG, GIRLS, IT'S TIME FOR SOME EXERCISE.

LOOKS LIKE THE HOLIDAY'S JUST ENDED!

NOW, BOYS, I HOPE YOU'RE ALL READY FOR THE CLIMB. YOU'LL LEAD THE WAY, MARTIN.

HE MUST THINK I'M SIR EDMUND HILARY!

THAT'S THE PATH, JUDY.

I SHALL SHOW THAT ROTTEN MISS BROWN ONE DAY!

COME ON, BILL. I SUPPOSE WE OUGHT TO ACT AS THOUGH WE'RE LOVING EVERY MINUTE OF IT.

AND SO THEY CLIMB...

NEARLY THERE, GIRLS. WONDER WHAT'S OVER THE OTHER SIDE?

GOT THE UNION JACK, BILL?

MISS BROWN THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT!

HELP!

BLIMEY!

IT WAS A HUMAN AVALANCHE...

OH, MY HEAD!

YOU CAN GET UP TODAY, JUDY.

THANK YOU, MISS BROWN.

MISS BROWN'S CERTAINLY DETERMINED TO KEEP US FIT, GIRLS.

WATCH THIS FOR A SWING.

MARTIN COULDN'T HELP WONDERING WHAT HAD HIT HIM!

DOES THIS BELONG TO YOU, SWEETHEART?

WELL, WATCH WHAT YOU DO WITH IT IN FUTURE!

HE SHOULD WATCH WHERE HE'S SITTING, SHOULDN'T HE, JUDY?

YES, WHERE'S YOUR SPORTING SPIRIT?

MEANWHILE MO HAD MET ANOTHER GOLFING ENTHUSIAST!

GIRLS, I'VE GOT A BITE!

MUST BE A WHALE!

NO, IT WAS POOR OLD MARTIN AGAIN!

YOU KNOW, I RECKON JUDY'S REALLY HOOKED HER MAN THIS TIME.

I SUGGEST WE STOP COMPETING AND PLAY ON THE SAME SIDE.

AND THEY DID. IT WAS A FABULOUS GAME!

ARE YOU SHELF – ISH?

They're never right, are they? Boys we mean — still they're better than nothing — aren't they?

YOUR nineteenth birthday happened a month ago. Friends are changing. Jane is no longer just Jane. Jane is now Jane and Malcolm. One never mentions one without the other . . . after all they're married. Everything wonderful is happening to everyone else but you.

Suddenly the telephone stops ringing frantically every night. Suddenly there's not much dropping in of males for the gallons of coffee you're capable of brewing. Suddenly you truthfully acknowledge the fact that you must be "on the shelf".

It happens to lots of girls, of course. Attractive ones. Ugly ones. Girls of every shape and size. Intelligent girls. Stupid girls. Girls of all ages. But why? What's the reason? What's the answer? Specially when girls have never been in such a marvellous situation before . . . there are almost twice as many boys as girls all over Britain!

The Shelf-ish-types are still looking . . . and talking . . . and hoping to find the answer. A sneaky bit of eavesdropping produced this interesting result of one of their get-togethers.

MEG: *I couldn't bear making all the decisions.*

JOAN: *Neither could I. And when I tried to force him into doing it, he did . . . He decided, of his own free will, to go home to Mum and never come back to me.*

MEG: *Same here.*

JOAN: *But then there was Lenny, completely the opposite. He was a teacher and I thought, at times, I'd become an extra pupil.*

MEG: *Uh-huh, I know the type. Kept being all schoolmasterish even after the last bell had gone.*

JOAN: *Yes. Well, anyway, Lenny always asked leading questions about the world, and before I could even open my mouth to answer he galloped away at full-tilt answering them in the way he'd expected you to have done.*

MEG: *Uh-huh. Go on . . .*

JOAN: *And he made all the decisions . . . without question . . . and expected me to agree.*

MARY: *Mmmm! It does get quite tiresome if one is treated like an idiot, I must say. Lenny certainly doesn't sound my type!*

FRAN: *That sort of thing stems from a sort of inferiority complex, doesn't it?*

AVRIL: *Was he short?*

JOAN: *Yes, fairly short. Why?*

AVRIL: *Why? Well, there's your answer. As Fran says, it probably all stems from an inferiority complex. He has to prove his superiority over women in some way – why not this?*

JOAN: *Guess you're right. Anyway, heard he is married now and very happy. She is I believe five foot, short, dumpy, and very meek.*

AVRIL: *And dopey, I'll bet.*

JOAN: *Maybe. Or clever enough to pretend she's dopey for a little while.*

MEG: *Did he ever ask you to marry him, anyway, Joan?*

JOAN: *Tentatively. After about two dates. But I felt that was rushing things a bit. So said "No".*

AVRIL: *I must tell you about John. The bee in his bonnet was the fact that I wanted to continue working after we were married. "A woman's place is in the home," was his favourite theme.*

JOAN: *He's a bit behind the times!*

AVRIL: *I didn't take much notice of it at first, but when we got engaged it really became quite a major issue.*

JOAN: *I can imagine that happening.*

MEG: *But John was a student anyway. His grant couldn't have been large enough to support two people.*

AVRIL: *Exactly, which is why I wanted to work. But, oh, no, "I'm not having my wife working! What will my mates say? And the neighbours?"*

JOAN: *What did he think they'd say?*

AVRIL: *That he was inadequate, since he was unable to support a wife.*

JOAN: *And his pride couldn't be dented by your stubbornness I suppose.*

AVRIL: *Yes.*

LILA: *That was very sad. I liked John and thought you and he made a super couple. Not to worry. Someone else is bound to turn up.*

AVRIL: *Wish someone would hurry up. I'm getting very lonesome up on this shelf. And this time I shan't be quite so pigheaded.*

JOAN: *Me, too. I'll play dumb or something.*

LILA: *In my case I think I talked too much.*

ROSE: *Yes, well . . . you do talk quite a bit, don't you.*

LILA: *Drove him mad. I did. Drove him away, too.*

ROSA: *And I knew too much about cars and things. He learnt about them from me. Once he knew the innards of cars . . . zoom! He sped after a bird who was only interested in the outside trappings.*

Go on — keep on moaning about them and see where you land up

See what we mean? It's awful lonesome sitting up there — isn't it?

JANET: *And I became too dependent on Mike. He made A-L-L the decisions, all of the time. It was nice at first – felt cherished. But once he was ill for a few days and do you know, I could hardly make up my own mind when to get up in the morning!*
LILA: *Crumbs!*
AVRIL: *Maybe I'm too fussy.*
JOAN: *How?*
AVRIL: *Well, I'm inclined to go round emptying out ashtrays as fast as they fill up.*
JOAN: *Yes, that can be maddening. I smoke, you see.*
MEG: *Well, anyway, we've been going on and on listing our faults, but I bet they've got much more than ours!*
AVRIL: *Yeah, I'm sure you're right.*
IN UNISON: *Down with men! They're* (**louder**) *all horrible.*
IN UNISON, SADLY: *But we wish . . .*
AVRIL: *. . . they'd hurry up and take us off the shelf. We like them. No, we LOVE them even if they're horrible. We prefer their company to the shelves any day.*

THE BOY WHO TOOK HER TO PIECES

by Josephine Smith

TWO girls were discussing in whispers the fanciable boys at a party.

"He's not bad," said Bobby.

"Which one?" asked Pauline.

"Don't make it obvious but just look a little to your right. See him that one with a pale blue shirt."

"He's gorgeous!"

"Now don't blow your mind."

"Anyway he's probably got a girl friend."

"So. Doesn't make that much difference. You can get anyone if you want them enough."

Pauline raised her eyebrows.

"Sure of yourself aren't you?"

"No. Honest."

The boy in pale blue left his partner and started to move over to them.

"Wanna dance?"

"Sure."

Both Bobby and Pauline were surprised. It wasn't Bobby that he'd asked it was the girl standing next to them.

"He's just being cool," explained Pauline.

"He's not being cool with her. Look he's kissing her."

Bobby danced with a boy she didn't fancy. All the while her eyes followed the boy in pale blue wherever he danced with the girl. She felt a thrill go through her every time she caught his eyes. Eventually he asked her to dance.

"I've just about had enough of this," he said in a bored voice.

"It's a party, you should be enjoying yourself."

"All the decent girls have gone," he explained.

Bobby felt insulted.

"What about my friend," she said. "Don't you think she's attractive."

"Not bad," he said and he eyed a girl who went swivelling by with her boy friend.

"She's neat," he said.

"I didn't like her dress," said Bobby.

"Anyway I'm leaving in a minute. No point in hanging around is there."

Bobby was not used to such total disinterest from a boy. She turned on all her female charms to try and entice him. She hated having to do this deliberately for it made her feel unsure of herself.

Then it seemed that her scheming had worked for suddenly he said, "Fancy coming to the flicks tomorrow. I was meant to be going out with my mates but they've got landed with some extra work. I wouldn't ask you only I sometimes get a bit bored on Sundays."

Bobby's face lit up. She'd got a reaction from him at last, even if it was only a rather half-hearted one.

"See you tomorrow then," he said. He didn't bother about seeing her home.

Bobby went to find Pauline feeling as if she'd pulled off something really epic.

"Guess who I've got a date with?" she said showily.

"Not him? Not pale blue?"

"Yeh he asked me to the flicks."

"Crikey! What's his name?"

"It's Chris."

"Lucky devil."

"Told you I could do it."

Bobby swept up to the cinema wearing a tight trouser suit. It always went down well with all the boys she knew. She'd curled her hair and spend hours making up. There was no sign of him.

She waited. She waited longer.

"He couldn't have stood me up? No, impossible I've never been stood up."

Just as she was getting really worried she saw him strolling down the road as if he had all the time in the world. But when she saw him she felt worse for with him was one of the dolliest girls she'd ever seen.

"Hi love," he said. "Meet Doreen. A girl friend. Don't mind if she joins us do you?"

"No of course not," said Bobby in amazement. She didn't seem to have much choice. And they trooped into the cinema.

"We'll have to go dutch," he said bluntly. "I'm broke."

Bobby hunted for her purse, felt embarrassed and begrudged having to pay for herself on a first date. He obviously didn't care about impressing her.

"What's happened to your hair?" he asked just before they went into the auditorium. "You look as if you've just got out of bed!"

Bobby fumed beside him. He sat in the middle of the two girls apparently lost in the film. And when he thought anything was particularly funny he laughed and slapped his knees. Bobby felt like slapping his face.

"Give me your phone number and I'll give you a ring," he said afterwards. "We have to rush off now. Hope you enjoyed it."

Bobby hastily wrote down her number on an old bus ticket with an eyebrow pencil. She was so confused by his arrogant performance that she would have done anything she was asked without hesitating.

"Of all the blinking cheek," she muttered as she waited by the windy bus-stop. She stared at herself in a shop window and tried to decide whether or not her hair did make her look as if she'd just crawled out of bed.

But she felt sad rather than annoyed because for some strange reason she really liked him.

"Do you think my hair's all right?" Bobby asked Pauline a few days later.

"It's tremendous," she replied. "You look just like that girl we saw in the magazine. I wish mine suited me like that. You've got super cheek-bones you can carry it off."

"What about, you know, what I'm wearing?"

"Eh?"

"Well do you think I look okay?"

"You know you do, you always do."

"Remember that fellow at the party?"

"What pale blue?"

"I'm meeting him tonight."

Pauline was surprised at Bobby's enthusiasm. Her infatuations never lasted more than a couple of days. Usually she swatted her boy friends off like insects. Before she had always taken it for granted she was fantastically good looking and that it was a privilege to take her out.

"Have you fallen for him?" asked Pauline with a mischievous grin.

"Don't be crazy! Me fall for him!"

"People do fall in love you know."

"I know they do."

"You never have."

"I bet you I have, hundreds of times."

"But not really love,"

"I don't know what you're on about."

"Like you know when you'd do anything for them, anything at all."

"That's the easiest way to get hurt."

"If you can't be hurt you can't be in love."

"Anyway I must leave now or I'll be late."

Pauline started laughing again.

"That's a turn-up for the books, you've never been early for a date in your life!

Bobby pulled an ugly face at her and dashed away to meet Chris.

"We're going dancing," he told her.

Bobby pulled another ugly face. He hadn't even bothered to find out whether she liked going dancing.

"Look . . ." she said.

"Anything the matter?" He gave her a hard look.

"No," she said "I'd love to go dancing."

"Right now that's settled we'll go."

"But it's raining."

"A spot of rain won't hurt you."

"But my hair?"

"Do it good. Get some of that lacquer off. I can't stand lacquer it's like running your fingers through a gorse bush."

Bobby ignored the last remark and tried to concentrate on putting on a head scarf rather than letting her anger boil up inside her. Off they went splashing through the rain.

The heavy, slow beat of the music thumped from the walls and ceiling as Bobby stood shivering and wondering where Chris had disappeared to. She moved slowly around the crowded floor, jumping as she saw her own silhouette six times as large on one of the walls.

He was dancing with a blonde girl in tight trousers with narrow hips and a fantastic sense of rhythm. Her first impulse was to leave him. Forget about him for good. Something stopped her. Perhaps it was only that no one, no one had ever treated her so badly before. A strange sort of pleasure crept over her. A desire for a challenge embraced her.

"Like a dance?" An attractive boy nudged her and offered his hand. She danced with him. Laughed with him. Allowed him to cling to her at the end of every dance. But Chris was in the refreshments bar, drinking a coke and digging the scene.

Realising that he wouldn't come to her she left the boy and fought her way through to Chris.

"Enjoying yourself?" he said.

"Yes, it's great isn't it. The group's good."

"In that case I'll let you carry on. Excuse me."

He moved off again and was soon dancing with another girl as equally beautiful as the first one.

Bobby fumbled for some change and bought a coke and waited for him to come back.

"I can't understand why he's asked me out if he doesn't like me," she thought. " He must be playing some kind of game. Mustn't he?"

Boys drifted towards her and drifted away again when they saw how miserable she looked. Eventually Chris returned and told her to go and get her coat.

"I'll walk you home," he said.

She felt like telling him not to hurt himself. Instead she was silent and bitter all the way. When they reached her home he pulled her towards him. She struggled. But soon he was kissing her and making her murmur with pleasure.

"I'll ring you some time," he said.

"Well when?" He grinned and walked away. She felt quite dizzy when she got inside.

He didn't phone. She grew pale and unhappy like a flower without the sun.

"No I can't be in love," she told herself. "Not with him he's so rotten to me."

But her reactions proved differently.

"Bobby there's someone on the phone for you." She flew down the stairs her heart racing. It was always someone else and she always felt more desperate when she replaced the receiver.

Then one day he did ring. She tried hard to be cool but she couldn't wait to see him.

"Why didn't you ring before? What's wrong?" she said.

"I've been busy," he said. "I've had a lot to think about."

He arrived with his friend in a car. This time Bobby had prepared herself for the worst.

"Tim this is Bobby. Isn't she lovely?" he said turning to his friend and grinning. She went all funny inside when he grinned like that.

"Changed your hairstyle haven't you?"

"Yes," she said meekly. "Do you like it better?"

He looked at her appraisingly. "Yes it's nice without all that stuff on it. I like it all shiny. Your hair's a beautiful colour, sort of reddy gold."

Bobby was astounded, two compliments in less than five minutes.

When the car stopped he rushed round to open the door for her.

She smiled.

"Thanks."

"For you anything."

She smiled again. She was still suspicious.

"We thought we'd try this party."

"Great," she said."

"Are you sure you want to go. I mean if you want to do something else we could always change our plans."

"No," she said. "A party's fine with me."

"Good," he said warmly and squeezed her arm.

Again Bobby was prepared to be left at the party. Anyway she could chat to Tim. She didn't have an opportunity to though.

"Come on Bob dance with me," said Chris sweeping her away. She thought she was dreaming and would wake up any moment.

"Mmmm it's ages since I've held you," he said pulling her towards him eagerly. "You're a knock-out you know."

Bobby thought her eyes and ears were playing tricks on her. She went with him to the kitchen to find a drink. She felt weak from his tender kisses while they had danced.

"I like you like this," he said. "You're sort of soft and gentle. I loathe girls with hard edges."

"Hard edges?"

"You know when they're spoilt. I can see them a mile off. Always very attractive like you and don't they know it!"

"Like me?"

Not any more," he said. "I said to myself when I first set eyes on you. There's a girl who needs polishing up a bit. If I don't give her a rough time she'll give it to me."

"You didn't!"

"Want to argue?" he challenged.

"No," she said softly.

"What made you change then?" she asked.

"What made me you change?" he asked.

She didn't answer but the answer showed in her eyes. Like Humpty Dumpty she'd had a big fall but the person who had pushed her off the wall in the first place had put all the pieces together again and arranged them in a slightly better way!

JENNY WAS SURPRISED WHEN ROBIN TURNED UP ONE EVENING. SHE'D BEEN HIS GIRL BUT HE'D GIVEN HER UP.

HELLO, JENNY.

WHAT A SURPRISE.

Many Happy Returns

HOW'RE THINGS, JEN? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?

NOT TOO BAD REALLY. YOU KNOW...

It's all very awkward when you meet someone who's gone out of your life

HOW'S YOUR LOVE LIFE THEN?

OH, I'M GOING OUT WITH SOMEONE.

BUT I STILL LOVE YOU!

HONESTLY, I HAVEN'T STOPPED THINKING ABOUT YOU ONCE.

I CAN'T GET YOU OFF MY MIND.

IT'S A BIT LATE TO SAY THAT NOW, ISN'T IT?

One doesn't want to hurt the other, but it can't be avoided

COME ON, TELL ME. IT'S THAT BLOKE YOU WERE WITH?

OKAY, IF YOU MUST KNOW I'M IN LOVE WITH HIM!

JENNY TRIED TO EXPLAIN THE SITUATION TO PETE...

I'M SORRY, JEN, I THINK I'D BETTER GO!

NOW I'VE MESSED EVERYTHING UP. I'M ON MY OWN AGAIN.

JENNY HURRIED BACK TO THE HOUSE TO TRY AND STOP PETE...

BUT SHE WAS STOPPED INSTEAD BY TWO NASTY-LOOKING CHARACTERS...

DID YOU SEE MY BOYFRIEND?

HE WENT THATAWAY.

NO, HE WENT THATAWAY!

LOOK, FORGET ABOUT HIM AND COME WITH US, DARLING.

LAY ANOTHER FINGER ON HER AND I'LL KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!

HEY, WHY SO SAD?

OH, ROB, I'M SORRY!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL LOOK AFTER YOU.

I WANT YOU TO, FOREVER!

THE BROKEN DREAM

I WAS DESPERATELY UNHAPPY. I HAD FALLEN DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH PETER AND SUDDENLY ALL MY DREAMS SHATTERED INTO PIECES.

I RETURNED TO COLLEGE BELIEVING THAT MAYBE I'D TAKEN EVERYTHING TOO SERIOUSLY. BUT WHEN I SAW THEM TOGETHER...

OH, NO! PETER AND JANE ARE SEEING EACH OTHER!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT THIS IS ALL HAPPENING. PETER SAID HE LOVED ME. WHY HAS EVERYTHING GONE WRONG?

I REMEMBERED HOW WE HAD FIRST MET AT THE STUDENTS' BALL...

WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE?

WHAT A GORGEOUS BOY!

YOU DANCE WONDERFULLY. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D MEET SOMEONE LIKE YOU TONIGHT.

AFTER THE DANCE HE WALKED ME BACK TO THE GIRLS' COLLEGE. MY HEART WAS SINGING...

IT'S BEEN A FANTASTIC EVENING. WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME OUT AGAIN?

THAT WOULD BE GREAT.

I COULD HARDLY SLEEP THAT NIGHT I WAS SO EXCITED. IN MY MIND I RE-LIVED THE WHOLE EVENING OVER AND OVER AGAIN...

WON'T IT BE GOOD WHEN ALL OUR EXAMS ARE OVER AND WE CAN GO FOR A HOLIDAY.

AFTER THAT WE SPENT MOST OF OUR FREE TIME TOGETHER. WE OFTEN WENT STROLLING HAND IN HAND THROUGH THE COLLEGE GROUNDS BETWEEN LECTURES...

BUT THEN ONE DAY...

LOOK AT THAT SMASHING GIRL. DO YOU KNOW HER?

THAT'S JANE. SHE SHARES MY ROOM WITH ME.

HE KEPT ON STARING AT HER AND THAT MADE ME MAD...

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL. AREN'T YOU GOING TO INTRODUCE US?

I WAS ONCE IN LOVE WITH A GIRL WHO LOOKED JUST LIKE THAT.

SURELY THERE'S NO HARM IN NOTICING ANOTHER GIRL.

WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BRING UP THE PAST? YOU'RE WITH ME NOW. I DON'T KEEP BRINGING UP MY EX-BOYFRIENDS.

IT WAS FOOLISH BUT I FELT VERY UPSET. I WAS CRAZY ABOUT PETER AND IF HE EVEN LOOKED AT ANOTHER GIRL I MADE ME FRIGHTENED AND JEALOUS...

WHEN CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN, ANGELA?

I KNOW! I'LL CALL ROUND TOMORROW AND YOU'LL HAVE TO INTRODUCE ME TO JANE.

PLEASE YOURSELF.

I WAS STILL FURIOUS AS I GOT READY FOR BED. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE WAS SO INTERESTED IN JANE. WE SHARED A ROOM TOGETHER BUT IT WAS NOT OUT OF CHOICE, THE COLLEGE HAD ARRANGED IT THAT WAY.

PETER CALLED JUST AS JANE WAS MAKING SOME COFFEE. THEY GAZED AT ONE ANOTHER THROUGH THE DOOR...

LATER...

SHE'S REALLY CHATTING HIM UP AND HE DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND EITHER.

WHEN PETER LEFT, HE ADDED THE FINAL TOUCH TO A HUMILIATING EVENING...

I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE IF JANE CAME WITH US TO THE DANCE NEXT WEEK.

WELL COUNT ME OUT THEN!

LATER THAT NIGHT I SAT IN BED TRYING TO THINK WHAT I COULD DO. I FELT DESPERATELY ALONE BECAUSE PETER WAS SLIPPING AWAY FROM ME...

I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF THIS. I'LL GO HOME FOR THE WEEK-END AND TRY AND SORT MYSELF OUT.

SO THE FOLLOWING DAY I PACKED SOME THINGS...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I'M SPENDING THE WEEK-END WITH MY PARENTS.

YOUR PETER IS TERRIFIC. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THE DANCE.

OH, SHUT UP!

MY PARENTS COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I WAS SO LIFELESS...

YOU LOOK DEPRESSED, DEAR.

IT'S NOTHING. I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD PERHAPS.

THIS HEART-ACHE IS AWFUL. I'LL HAVE TO TRY AND SPEAK TO PETER.

BUT WHEN I RETURNED TO THE COLLEGE I SAW THEM TOGETHER...

I GO AWAY AND HE'S ROUND TO SEE HER LIKE A SHOT.

I SPENT THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON SITTING IN THE COLLEGE COFFEE BAR. I COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE THAT SMUG EXPRESSION JANE WOULD HAVE ON HER FACE...

PETER'S ALL ALONE. I THOUGHT HE'D BE WITH JANE.

I COULDN'T HELP IT, I JUST HAD TO SPEAK TO HIM..

PETER!

WHAT'S UP? WHY HAVE YOU BEEN AVOIDING ME, ANGELA?

I HAVEN'T.

LOOK, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO ON PRETENDING. IT'S OBVIOUS THAT YOU WANT JANE.

JANE, HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? I CALLED ON HER THIS AFTERNOON TO FIND OUT WHEN YOU WERE COMING BACK. AND SHE'S NOT A PATCH ON YOU. I COULDN'T FALL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL LIKE HER.

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT I LOVE ***YOU*** AND WANT TO BE WITH ***YOU***? DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S NOTHING MORE IMPORTANT TO ME THAN THAT?

OH, PETER!

It happens, sometimes, when someone you love goes away even for a little while you simply cannot remember what he looks like

THE FACE THAT WENT AWAY

by

EDITH STROUD

124

Do you ever have that feeling that you're not going to see someone again?

It happened that way with Johnny.

Maybe like Aunty Ross, I too had that sort of sixth sense and could feel when things were wrong. Anyway, this Friday I just knew he wasn't coming back.

He caught the train at Liverpool Street as usual.

He kissed me long and hard, ruffling his hand through my hair as usual. But as the train pulled out and he looked back and waved, I had the oddest feeling that this was the end.

His face blurred.

His hands disappeared from view. And yet he was just two yards away from me waving, waving.

"Johnny," I screamed. "You're going, you're going . . ."

I couldn't see clearly through the tears which teetered on my

eyelashes, but I could hear him yell back cheerfully "I'll be back. See you on Sunday. Same time, as usual."

I walked back along the platform and gave up the fight to stop the flow of tears and they fell over the edge of my lashes and down the front of my coat . . . drop, drop, drop.

What was the matter with me? Johnny was just going home to Lowestoft for the weekend. Same as he had done every weekend since I'd known him. He'd caught exactly the same train as before. He'd come back on Sunday again . . . So whatever was the matter?

We'd not quarrelled or anything like that. We'd been to the pictures. We'd held hands. I'd burrowed my face in his coat sleeve when all the scary parts came up . . . same as I'd done at every scary picture I'd seen before.

We'd gone out for fish and chips and coffee, afterwards, at Dino's down the road. And I'm sure Tony, the waiter would have said we looked – as we did on every other occasion – very happy and sure of our love for each other. He would have been right then. But not now. Well, how could he? Even I had not felt this panic, earlier.

I lurched miserably towards the station buffet bar and ordered a coffee. I paid for it, then scalded my mouth as I gulped it down quickly. I clutched my throat and tears gushed from eyes. Oh, the agony of it all. My throat and heart just bundled themselves together with pain.

I could feel the hot liquid rushing down my throat and spreading into all little rivulets the way my heart would shatter into pieces if our love ended.

My neighbour at the table stared inquisitively as I sat there making choking noises.

"Excuse me," I apologised pointing to the cup of coffee.

It was all very significant. I'd had hundreds of coffees before and never choked once. It just had to mean something.

And I thought of all the love affairs that had ended with a parting, a long journey. And cried deep within myself at the thought that he might find someone more attractive. More meaningful.

I took my mirror out of my handbag and had a peek at myself in it. Misery, just poor misery me.

Who would ever remember a girl like that, if someone with a gay smile and unsmudged make-up came along.

Not Johnny, who was so gay, so handsome, so lovable, sweet, so Johnny . . . and so faraway now.

There was this other boy looking at me, and laughing.

So I was a laughing stock. Just because I'd lost Johnny.

I took losing him so much for granted.

Saturday morning at breakfast, the lump of lead inside me still hadn't shifted.

"Oh, Johnny, I hope nothing has happened to our love," I whispered to no-one in particular.

I couldn't bear the thought of not seeing him again. The way his nose jutted out. His huge ears. His chin which . . . his chin . . . Oh, God! I couldn't remember what his chin was like.

It's happened. I knew it. It must mean a disaster.

I scrambled away from the breakfast table and tore through the contents of my handbag. I had to find the picture of him which I had in my wallet, to remind me.

It wasn't there . . . the wallet, I mean. It was always kept in the zipped up pocket in my bag, but it wasn't there. I liked it being there for sentimental reasons. Now only the wallet containing a wad of money was there! Oh, disaster, disaster, disaster . . . It could mean nothing else.

Sunday, I went down to Liverpool Street to meet the 4.20 train. He had returned every Sunday on that one for at least three months.

I stood at the ticket barrier where only one person at a time came through. I waited there until the last 4.20 passenger had passed through and Johnny wasn't there.

Well, there was no need to panic. He'd be on the next.

But . . . He wasn't.

A train crash! It must be. But there hadn't been an announcement over the loudspeakers. They're waiting for confirmation, that's why. No! I had to pull myself together. THAT, at least, hadn't happened yet.

Perhaps he'd found another girl. Someone more attractive. With a better figure. Whose hair was longer and more blonde than mine. I'm not good enough any more. Maybe she talks and walks with more confidence. Doesn't drop her aitches.

Bet she doesn't pick up chicken pieces in restaurants with her fingers, either!

No! I must not think that way either. He wouldn't desert me for another girl without telling me. He just wasn't the type to do that, at all.

But he could be saving that news for later this afternoon.

Wait. Listen. Something has been announced . . . "Regretfully, the train from Lowestoft has been de . . ."

There! I knew it. I knew it. He's been killed. The train has been derailed.

And then I lived a lifetime all over again.

Suddenly I saw Johnny's face for the last time. Saw it clearly.

The chin like a statement of strength and love.

Johnny lying somewhere, too late now to come into my arms.

I saw us both together again.

Like all the things that go together.

Bees and honeysuckle.

Blue skies and blue water.

All finished now.

I'd had that inkling of disaster.

And here it was all come true.

"Regretfully . . ." the loudspeaker droned on again. "It has been delayed at . . ."

Delayed. Oh, thank goodness.

Tears, no stranger this weekend were belting off my cheeks again. And still more pushed themselves over my lashes when the train finally pulled in and Johnny walked past the barrier and smiled at me.

His smile slipped away when he saw my face.

"What's the matter, love? Something upset you?"

He continued, apologetically, "I'm sorry about my lateness, but the train was late."

And he went on and on to explain how he'd tried to ring me and didn't get a reply and so on.

I didn't hear all of it. I couldn't. A rush of love blocked my ears and my eyes. I could vaguely see his mouth moving, lovingly. His chin with a deep cleft in it. And his ears and nose . . . and Johnny. I could see all of him. I could remember all of him. And he was here loving me.

LOVE AROUND THE CLOCK

My day begins at eight o'clock
I stagger out of bed
And each time a new day begins
I've one thought in my head
And when the office clock says nine
The phone begins to ring
I answer it so happily
My heart begins to sing.
Then when my boss comes on the scene
I quickly put it down
Although I'd rather talk to you
He wears a nasty frown.
Eleven o'clock is coffee break
And also time to chat
And me, I proudly tell the girls
You're really where it's at!
At lunch time I hurry
To sit out in the sun
And as I eat my sandwiches
Think loving you is fun.
Well, afterward's there's typing
And piles of work to do

But frankly all the day I think
Of no one else but you.
At five o'clock I start to run
With make-up to the loo
Then down the stairs I fly pell-mell
To join the rush-hour queue.
And then I'm ready, 'bout time too,
To meet you for a date.
My heart is beating Oh so fast
And hopes that you will wait
Beneath the clock on time.
I fall into your arms
You kiss me so, so tenderly
And thrill me with your charms.
But time's any enemy you know
It plays a dirty trick
For soon it's vanished all the hours
All dates are all too quick.
And after that it's time for bed
And dreams that do come true
For only you will enter them
And no one else but you.

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GO GIRL

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